

POETASTER

OR

The Arraignment:

*As it hath beene sundry times privately  
acted in the Blacke Friers, by the  
children of her Majesties  
Chappell.*

Composed, by Ben. Iohnson.

*Et mihi de nullo fama rubra placet.*



LONDON

Printed for M. L. and are to be sold at  
Saint Dunstons Church-yard  
1602.



# THE PERSONS THAT ACT.

1. *Augustus Caesar.*
2. *Mecenas.*
3. *Mar. Ovid.*
4. *Cor. Gallus.*
5. *Propertius.*
6. *Fu. Aristius.*
7. *Pub. Ovid.*
8. *Virgill.*
9. *Horace.*
10. *Tucca.*
11. *Lupus.*
12. *Crispinus.*
13. *Hermogenes.*
14. *De. Fannius.*
15. *Albius.*
16. *Minos.*
17. *Histrion.*
18. *Pyrgus.*
19. *Lictor.*
20. *Julia.*
21. *Cytheris.*
22. *Plautia.*
23. *Chloe.*
24. *Maydes.*

## Ad Lectorem.

*Ludimus innocuis verbis, hoc iuro potentis  
Per Genium Fama, Castalidumq, gregem:  
Perq, tuas aures, magni mihi numinis instar,  
Lector, inhumana liber ab Invidia.* Mart.

LIVOR.

Poëtafter.

LIVOR

L ight, I salute thee ; but with wounded nerues :  
Wishing thy golden splendor, pitchy darknesse.  
Whats here ? *Th'arraignment* ? I : This, this is it,  
That our sunke eyes haue wak't for, all this while :  
Here will be subiect for my Snakes and me,  
Cling to my necke and wrists my louing Wormes ;  
And cast you round, in soft, and amorous foulds,  
Till I doe bid, *uncurl* : Then, breake your knots ;  
Shoote out your selues at length, as your forc't stings  
Would hide them selues within his malic't sides,  
To whom I shall apply you. Stay : the shine  
Of this assembly here offends my sight,  
Ile darken that first, and out-face their grace.  
Wonder not if I stare : These fiftene weekes  
(So long as since the Plot was but an *Embrion*)  
Haue I, with burning lights, mixt vigilant thoughts,  
In expectation of this hated Play :  
To which (at last) I am arriv'd as *Prologue*.  
Nor would I, you should looke for other lookes,  
Gesture, or complement from me, then what  
Th' infected bulke of Enuie can afford :  
For I am risse here with a couetous Hope,  
To blast your pleasures, and destroy your sports,  
With wrestings, Comments, applications,  
Spie-like suggestions, pritty whisperings,  
And thousand such promoting sleights as these.  
Marke, how I will begin : The Scene is, ha ?  
*Rome ? Rome ?* and *Rome ?* Cracke cystrings, and your balls  
Drop into earth ; let me be euer blind.  
I am preuented ; All my hopes are crost,  
Checkt, and abated ; fie, a freezing sweate



## Poëtaſter.

Flowes forth at all my Pores, my Entrailes burne :  
What ſhould I doe ? *Rome : Rome* ? O my vext ſoule,  
How might I force this to the preſent ſtate ?  
Are there no *Players* here ? no *Poet-Apes*,  
That come with *Baſiliskes* eyes, whoſe forked tongues  
Are ſteep in venome, as their harts in gall ?  
Either of theſe would helpe me ; they could wreſt,  
Peruert, and poyſon all they heare, or ſee,  
With ſenſeleſſe głoſſes, and alluſions.  
Now if you be good *Diuels*, fly me not.  
You know what deare, and ample faculties  
I haue endowed you with : Ile lend you more.  
Here, take my Snakes among you ; come, and eate,  
And while the ſqueezd iuice flowes in your blacke iawes,  
Helpe me to damne the Author : Spit it forth  
Vpon his lines, and ſhew your ruſtie teeth  
At euery word, or accent : or elſe chooſe  
Out of my longeſt vipers, to ſticke downe  
In your deepe throates ; and let the heads come forth  
At your ranke mouthes ; that he may ſee you armed  
With triple malice, to hiſſe, ſting, and teare  
His worke, and him : to forge, and then declame,  
Traduce, corrupt, apply, enforme, ſuggeſt ;  
O, theſe are gifts wherein your ſoules are bleſt.  
What ? doe you hide your ſelues ? will none appeare ?  
None anſwere ? What, doth this calme troupe affright you ?  
Nay then I doe deſpaire : Downe, ſinke againe.  
This trauaile is all loſt with my dead hopes.  
If in ſuch boſomes, Spight haue left to dwell,  
Enuie is not on earth, nor ſcarſe in hell.

PROLO.

# Poëtaster.

## PROLOGVS.

**S** T A T Monster : ere thou smite, thus on thy heade  
Set wee our boulder foote; with which we tread  
Thy malice intoe earth: So Spight should die;  
Despis'd and scornd by noble industry.

If any muse why I salute the Stage,  
An armed Prologue; know't is a dangerous age:  
Wherein, who writes, had neede present his Scenes  
Fortie fold prooffe against the contriving meanes  
Of base Detractors, and illiterate Apes,  
That fill up roomes in faire and formall shapes.  
Gainst these, haue we put on this forc't defense:  
Whereof the Allegory and hid sense  
Is, that a well erected Confidence  
Can fright their pride, and laugh their follie hence.  
Here now, put case our Author should once more  
Sweare that his Play were good; he doth implore,  
You would not argue him of Arrogance;  
How ere that common Spawne of Ignorance,  
Our Fry of Writers, may beslime his fame,  
And giue his action that adulterate name,  
Such full blowne vanity he more doth loath  
Then base deiection; There's a meane twixt both:  
Which with a constant firmenesse he pursues,  
As one that knowes the strength of his owne Musc.  
And this he hopes all free soules will allowe:  
Others that take it with a rugged browe,  
Their moodes be rather pities, then enuies:  
His minde it is about their iniuries.



*Poëtaſter.*

ACTVS PRIMVS.  
SCENA PRIMA.

*Ouid, Luſcus.*

*Ouid.* **T**HEN, when this bodie ſals in funerall fire,  
My name ſhall liue, and my beſt part aſpire.  
It ſhall goe ſo.

*Luſ.* Young maſter, Maſter *Ouid*, do you heare?  
Gods a me! away with your ſongs and ſonets; and on with your  
gowne and Cappe, quickly: here, here, your Father will bee a  
man of this roome preſently. Come, nay, nay, nay, be briefe.  
Theſe verſes too, a poiſon on 'hem, I cannot abide 'hem, they  
make me readie to caſt, by the bankes of *Helicon*. Nay looke,  
what a rascally yntoward thing this *Poetry* is; I could teare  
'hem now.

*Ouid.* Giue mee, how neere's my Father?

*Luſ.* Hart a'man: get a lawe booke in your hand, I will not  
anſwere you elſe. Why ſo: now there's ſome formalitie in you;  
By *Ioue*, & three or foure of the Gods more, I am right of myne  
olde maſters humour for that; this villanous *Poetry* will vndoe  
you, by the Welkin.

*Ouid.* What, haſt thou buſkins on, *Luſcus*, that thou ſwear'ſt  
ſo tragically and high?

*Luſ.* No: but I haue bootes on fir, and ſo ha's your father too  
by this time: for he call'd for 'hem, ere I came from the lodging.

*Ouid.* Why? was he no readier?

*Luſ.* O no; and there was the mad ſkeldring Captaine, with  
the veluet armes, readie to lay holde on him as he comes down:  
hee that preſſes euery man, hee meetes, with an oath, to lend  
him money, and cries; *Thou muſt doe't old boy, as thou art a man, a  
man of worſhippe.*

*Ouid.* Who? *Pamilius Tucca*?

*Lu.* I, hee: and I met little maſter *Lupus* the Tribune, going  
*Ouid.*

(thither too.

# Poëtaster.

*Ouid.* Nay, and he be vnder their arrest, I may (with safetie enough) reade ouer my *Elegy*, before he come.

*Lus.* Gods a mee! What'll you doe? why, yong master, you are not *Castalian* mad, lunatike, frantike, desperate? ha?

*Ouid.* VVhat ailest thou, *Luscus*?

*Lus.* God be with you sir, Ile leaue you to your Poeticall fancies and furies. Ile not be guilty, I. *Exit.*

*Ouid.* Be not, good ignorance: I'm glad th'art gone:  
For thus alone, our Eare shall better iudge  
The hastie errors of our morning *Muse*.

**E** NVIE, why twistst thou me, my Time's spent ill?  
And callst my verse, fruites of an idle quill?

Or that (unlike the line from whence I sprong)

Wars dustie honors I pursue not young?

Or that I studie not the rarious lawes;

And prostitute my voice in euery cause?

Thy scope is mortall; mine eternall Fame,

Which through the world shall euer chaunt my name.

Homer will liue, whilst Tenedos stands, and Ide,

Or to the sea, fleet Simois doth slide:

And so shall Hesiod too, while vines doe beare,

Or crooked sickles crop the ripened eare.

Callimachus, though in Inuention lowe,

Shall still be sung, since he in Arte doth stowe.

No losse shall come to Sophocles proud vaine,

With Sunne and Moone Aratus shall remaine.

Whilst Slaues be false, Fathers hard, & Bauds be whorish,

VVhilst Harlots flatter, shall Menander flourish.

Ennius, though rude, and Accius high-reard straine,

A fresh applause in euery age shall gaine.

Of Varro's name, what eare shall not be tolde?

Of Iasons Argo? and the Fleece of golde?

Then, shall Lucretius lofty numbers die,

VVhen Earth, and Seas in fire and flames shall frye.

*Ouid.* Lib.

1. Amo.

Ele. 15.



## Poëta ster.

Titirus, Tillage, AEney shall be read,  
 Whilſt Rome of all the conquer'd world is head.  
 Till Cupids fires be out, and his bowe broken,  
 Thy verses (neate Tibullus) shall be ſpoken.  
 Our Gallus ſhall be knowne from Eaſt to Weſt:  
 So ſhall Lycoris, whome he now loues beſt.  
 The ſuffring Plough-ſhare or the Flint may weare,  
 But heavenly Poëſie no death can feare.  
 Kings ſhall giue place to it, and kingly ſhewes,  
 The bankes ore which gold-bearing Tagus flows.  
 Kneele hindeſ to traſh: me let bright Phœbus ſwell,  
 With cups full flowing from the Muſes Well.  
 The froſt-drad Myrtle ſhall impale my heade,  
 And of ſad louers Ile be often read.  
 " Ennie, the liuing, not the deade, doth bite.  
 " For after death all men receiue their right.  
 Then when this bodie falſ in funera'l fire,  
 My nam: ſhall liue, and my beſt part aſpire.

## SCENA SECVNDA.

*Ouid ſenior, Ouid Iunior, Luſcus, Tucca, Lupus, Pyrgus.*

*Ouid ſen.* **Y**OUR name ſhall liue indeede ſir; your ſay true:  
 but how infamouſly, how ſcorn'd and contem-  
 n'd in the eyes and eares of the beſt and graueſt *Romanes*, that  
 you think not on: you neuer ſo much as dreame of that. Are  
 theſe the fruits of all my Trauaile & Expences? is this the Scope  
 and Aime of thy ſtudies? are theſe the hopeful courſes, wherewith  
 I haue ſo long flattered my expectation from thee? Verſes? *Poe-*  
*try*? *Ouid*, whome I thought to ſee the Pleader, become *Ouid*  
 the Play-maker?

*Ouid Inn.* No Sir.

*Ouid ſen.* Yes Sir. I heare of a Tragedie of yours comming  
 forth for the comon Players there, call'd *Medea*. By my houſe  
 holde

## Poëtaster.

gods, if I come to the acting of it, Ile add one tragicke parte, more then is yet expected, to it: beleue me when I promise it. What? shal I haue my son a Stager now? an Engle for Players? a Gull? a Rooke? a Shot-clog? to make suppers, and bee laught at? *Publius*, I wil set thee on the funeral pile first.

*Ouid Iun.* Sir, I beseech you to haue patience.

*Lus.* Nay, this tis to haue your cares damm'd vp to good colli-fell. I did augure all this to him afore hand, without poring into an oxes paunch for the matter, and yet he would not be scrupulous.

*Tucc.* How now, good man slaue? what, *Roule Powle*? all ri-uals, Rascal? why my Knight of worshippe, do'st heare? Are these thy best *proiectes*? is this thy *desseignes* and thy *discipline*, to suffer knaues to be competitors with *Commanders* and Gent-men? are we *paralels*, rascall? are we *paralels*?

*Ouid sen.* Sirrah, goe get my horses readie. You'll still be pra-ting.

*Tucca.* Doe, you perpetuall Stinkard, doe: goe, talke to Tap-sters and Ostlers you slaue: they are i' your element, go: here be the Emperours captaines, you Raggamuffin Rascal; and not your *Comrades*.

*Lup.* Indeede, Sir *Marcus Ouid*, these Players are an idle Ge-neration, & doe much harme in a State, corrupt young gentrie very much, I knowe it: I haue not been a *Tribune* thus long and obseru'd nothing: besides, they will robbe vs, vs, that are Magistrates, of our respect, bring vs vpon their Stages, & make vs ridiculous to the Plebeians; they will play you, or me, the wi-sest men they can come by still; me: onely to bring vs in con-tempt with the vulgar, and make vs cheape.

*Tucca.* Th'art in the right, my venerable *Cropshin*, they wil indeede: the tongue of the *Oracle* neuer twangd truer. Your *Courtier* cannot kisse his mistresse Slippers, in quiet, for 'hem, nor your white innocent Gallant pawne his reuelling suit, to make his Punque a supper. An honest decayed *Commander*, cannot skelder, cheat, nor be seene in a baudie house, but he shal



## Poëtaſter.

be ſtraight in one of their wormewod Comedies. They are growne licentious, the Rogues; Libertines, flat Libertines. They forget they are in the Statute, the Rascals, they are blazend there, there they are trickt, they and their *Pedigrees*: they neede no other *Heralds* I wiſſe.

*Ouid ſe.* Me thinkes if nothing elſe, yet this alone; the verie reading of the publike Edictes ſhould fright thee from Commerce with them; and giue thee diſtaſte enough of their actions. But this betrayes what a Student you are: this argues your proficiencie in the Law.

*Ouid In.* They wrong me ſir, and doe abuſe you more, That blowe your eares with theſe vntrue reports.

I am not knowne vnto the open Stage,

Nor doe I trafique in their *Theaters*.

Indeede, I doe acknowledge, at requeſt

Of ſome neare friends, and honorable *Romaines*,

I haue begunne a Poeme of that nature.

*Ouid ſe.* You haue ſir, a Poeme? and where is't? that's the Law you ſtudie.

*Ouid In.* *Cornelius Gallus* borrowed it to reade.

*Ouid ſe.* *Cornelius Gallus*? Ther's another gallant, too, hath drunke of the ſame poyſon: and *Tibullus* and *Propertius*. But theſe are Gentlemen of meanes, and Reuenewes now. Thou art a younger brother, and haſt nothing, but thy bare exhibition: which I proteſt ſhall be bare indeede, if thou forſake not theſe vnprofitable by-courſes, and that timely too. Name me a profeſt Poet, that his *Poetry* did euer afford him ſo much as a competence. I, your God of *Poets* there (whom all of you admire and reuerence ſo much) *Homier*, he whoſe worn-eaten Statue muſt not be ſpewd againſt, but with hallowed lips and groueling adoration, what was he? what was he?

*Tuc.* Many He tell thee old Swaggerer; He was a poore blind riming Rascal, that liu'd obſcurely vp and down in Boothes & Tap-houſes, and ſcarce euer made a good meale in his ſleepe, the whorſon hungry begger.

*Ouid ſen.*

## Poëtafter.

*Onid sen.* He sayes well. Nay I knowe this nettles you now: but answere mee; Is't not true? Is't not true? You'll tell mee his name shal liue, & that now (being deade) his workes haue eternised him, and made him diuine: but could this diuinitie feede him while he liued, could his name feast him?

*Tuc.* Thou speak'st sentences, olde *Bias*.

*Onid sen.* Well, the day growes olde, gentlemen, and I must leaue you. *Publius*, if thou wilt hould my fauour, abādon these idle fruitlesse studies that so traduce thee. Send *Ianus* home his backe face againe, and looke onely forward to the Law: Intend that I will alowe thee, what shal suit thee in the ranke of Gentlemen, and maintaine thy societie with the best: & vnder these conditions, I leaue thee. My blessings light vpon thee, if thou respect them: if not, mine eyes may droppe for thee, but thine owne heart will ake for it selfe; and so farewell. What, are my horses come?

*Luf.* Yes Sir, they are at the gate without.

*Onid sen.* That's well. *Asinus Lupus*, a word. Captaine, I shall take my leaue of you?

*Tuc.* No, my little knight Errant, dispatch with Cavalier *Cothurnus* there; I'll attend thee, I.

*Luf.* To borrowe some ten Drachmes, I knowe his Proiecte.

*Onid sen.* Sir you shall make mee beholding to you. Now Captaine *Tucca*, what say you?

*Tuc.* Why, what should I say? or what can I say, my most *Magnanimous Mirror of Knighthood*? Shold I say thou art rich? or that thou art honorable? or wise? or valiant? or learned? or liberall? Why, thou art all these, and thou knowest it (my noble *Lucullus*) thou knowest it: come, be not ashamed of thy vertues, olde Stumpe. *Honour's* a good brooch to weare in a mans hat, at all times. Thou art the man of warres *Mecenas*, knight. Why shouldst not thou bee grac't then by them, as well as he is by his *Poets*? How now my Carrier, what newes?



## Poëtafter.

*Lus.* The boy has staid within for his *cue*, this halfe howre.

*Tuc.* Come, doe not whisper to me, but speake it out. what, it is no treason against the State, I hope, is't?

*Lus.* Yes, against the state of my masters purse.

*Pyr.* Sir, *Agrippa* desires you to forbear him till the next weeke: his *Moyles* are not yet come vp.

*Tuc.* His *Moyles*? now the *Bots*, the *Spanin*, and the *Glanders*, and some dosen diseases more, light on him, & his *Moyles*. VVhat ha' they the *Tellowes*, his *Moyles*, that they come no faster? or are they fowndred? ha' his *Moyles* ha' the *Staggers* belike: ha' they?

*Pyr.* O no Sir: then your tongue might be suspected for one of his *Moyles*.

*Tuc.* He owes me almost a Talent, and he thinks to beare it away with his *Moyles*, does hee? Sirrah, you, Nut-cracker: goe your waies to him againe, and tell him I must ha' money, I: I cannot eate stones and Turues, say. What, wil he clem me and my followers? Aske him and he will clem mee: doe, goe. Hee would haue me fry my Ierkin, would he? Away Setter, away. Yet stay, my little tumbler: the Knight shall supply now: I will not trouble him, I cannot be importunate, I: I cannot bee impudent.

*Pyr.* Alas sir no: you are the most maidenly blushing creature vpon the earth.

*Tuc.* Do'st thou heare, my little *Six and fiftie*, or *thereabouts*? Thou art not to learne the humours and trickes of that old bald Cheater, *Time*: thou hadst not this chaine for nothing. Men of worth haue their *Chymara's*, as wel as other creatures: and they doe see monsters, sometimes: they doe, they doe.

*Pyr.* Better cheape then hee shall see you, I warrant him.

*Tuc.* Thou must let mee haue six, six, Drachmes, I mean, *Old boy*, thou shalt do it: I tel thee, *Old boy*, thou shalt, and in priuate too, dost thou see? Goe, walke off: there, there. Six is the sum.

Thy

## Poëtafter.

Thy sonn's a gallant Sparke, and must not be put out of a suddaine : come hither, *Callimachus*. Thy Father tels me thou art too Poeticall, Slaue; thou must not be so: thou must leaue them, yóong Nouice; thou must : They are a sort of poore starued Rascalles; that are euer wrapt vp in foule linnen : and can boast of nothing but a leane visage, peering out of a seam-rent suite; the very *Emblemes* of Beggery. No: dost heare ? turne Lawyer, Thou shalt be my *Solicitor* : Tis right *olde boy*, Ist ?

*Ouid sen.* You were best tell it Captaine.

*Tuc.* No : fare thou well mine honest Knight, and thou *olde Beauer*, Pray thee Knight, when thou comest to towne, sec me at my lodging, visite me some times : Thou shalt be welcome *olde boy* : doe not balke me good Swaggrer; *Ioue* keepe thy chaine from pawning : goe thy waies : if thou lacke money Ile lend thee some : Ile leaue thee to thy horse, now; Adue.

*Ouid sen.* Farwell good Captaine.

*Tuc.* Boy, you can haue but halfe a share now, boy. *Exit.*

*Ouid sen.* Tis a strange boldnes, that accompanieth this fellow : Come.

*Ouid.* Ile giue attendance on you, to your horse, Sir; Please you. —

*Ouid sen.* No: keepe your chamber, and fall to your studies; doe so : the Gods of *Rome* blesse thee. *Exeunt.*

*Ouid.* And giue me stomacke to digest this law;  
That should haue followed sure, had I beene hee.  
O sacred *Poësy*, thou spirit of *Arts*,  
The soule of *Science*, and the Queene of Soules,  
What prophane violence, almost sacriledge,  
Hath here beene offered thy Diuinities!  
Hmh ! that thine owne guiltlesse Pouerty should arme  
Prodigious Ignorance to wound thee thus !  
For thence, is all their force of Argument  
Drawne forth against thee; or from the abuse



## Poëtaſter.

Of thy great powers in Adultrate braines;  
When, would men learne but to diſtinguiſh ſpirits,  
And ſet true difference twixt theſe iaded wits,  
That runne a broken paſe for common hire,  
And the high Raptures of a happy ſoule,  
Borne on the wings of her immortal thought,  
That kickes at earth with a diſdaineſull heele,  
And beates at Heauen gates with her bright hooues;  
They would not then with ſuch diſtorted faces,  
And dudgeon Cenſure's ſtab at *Poeſy*:  
They would admire bright knowledge, and their minds  
Should nere deſcend on ſo vnworthy obiects,  
As Gould or Titles: they would dread farre more,  
To be thought ignorant, then be knowne poore.  
„ The time was once, when wit drownd wealth: but now,  
„ Your onely Barbariſm's, to haue wit, and want.  
„ No matter now in vertue who excells,  
„ He, that hath coyne, hath all perfection elſe.

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Tibullus. Ouid.*

*Tibull. Ouid?*

*Ouid.* Whoſe there? Come in.

*Tibull.* Good morrow Lawyer.

*Ouid.* Good morrow (deare *Tibullus*) welcome: ſit downe.

*Tibullus.* Not I. what: ſo hard at it? Lets ſee,  
Whats here? *Numa in Decimo nono?*

*Ouid.* Pray thee away.

*Tibullus.* If thrice in field, a man vanquiſh his foe,  
Tis after in his choice to ſerue, or no.

How now *Ouid*! Law caſes in verſe?

*Ouid.* In troth, I know not: they runne from my Penne  
Vnwiſſingly, if they be verſe. What's the newes abroad?

*Tibullus.* Off with this gowne, I come to haue thee walke.

*Ouid.* No, good *Tibullus*; I'm not now in caſe.

Pray

## Poëtafter.

Pray thee let me alone.

*Tibullus*. How? not in case!

Slight thou'rt in too much case, by all this Law.

*Ouid*. Troth, if I live, I will new dresse the Law,  
In sprightly *Poesyes* Acoutrements.

*Tibull*. The hell thou wilt, what, turne Law into verse?  
Thy father has schoold thee I see. Here, read that same.  
Ther's subiect for you: and if I mistake not,  
A *Supersedeas* to your Melancholy.

*Ouid*. How! subscrib'd *Julia*! O my life, my Heaven!

*Tibull*. Is the Mood chang'd?

*Ouid*. Musique of wit! Note for th'harmonious *Spheares*!  
Celestiall Accents, how you ravish me!

*Tibull*. What is it, *Ouid*?

*Ouid*. That I must meete my *Julia*, the Princeesse *Julia*.

*Tibullus*. Where?

*Ouid*. Why at Hart, I haue forgot: my passion so trans-

*Tibull*. Ile saue your paines: it is at *Albins* house, (ports me.  
The Jewellers, where the faire *Eycoris* lies.

*Ouid*. Who? *Cytheris*, *Cornelius Gallus* Loue?

*Tibull*. I, heele be there too, and my *Plautia*.

*Ouid*. And why not your *Delia*?

*Tibull*. Yes, and your *Corinna*.

*Ouid*. True; but my sweete *Tibullus*, keepe that secret:

I would not, for all *Rome*, it should be thought

I vaile bright *Julia* vnderneath that name:

*Julia*, the Gem, and Jewell of my soule,

That takes her honours from the goulden Sky,

As beauty doth all Lustre, from her Eye.

The Ayre respire the pure *Elyzium* sweetes,

In which she breathes: and from her lookes descend,

The glories of the *Summer* Heaven she is,

Prais'd in her selfe aboue all praise: and he,

Which heares her speake, would swear the Tune full *Orbes*

Turn'd in his *Zenith* onely.



## Poëtafter.

*Tibull. Publius*, thou'lt loose thy selfe.

*Ouid.* O, in no *Labyrinth*, can I safelier erre,  
Then when I loose my selfe in praying her.  
Hence Law, and welcome, *Muses*; though not rich,  
Yet are you pleasing: let's be reconcilde,  
And new made one. Hence foorth, I promise faith,  
And all my serious howres to spend with you:  
With you, whose Musicke striketh on my hart,  
And with bewitching Tones steals foorth my spirit,  
In *Iulias* name; Faire *Iulia*, *Iulias* Loue  
Shall be a Law, and that sweete Law I'll study,  
The Law, and Arte of sacred *Iulias* Loue:  
All other objects will but Abiects proue.

*Tibull.* Come, we shall haue thee as passionate, as *Proper-*

*Ouid.* O, how does my *Sextus*? (tins, anon.

*Tibull.* Faith, full of sorrow, for his *Cynthias* death.

*Ouid.* What, still?

*Tibull.* Still, and still more, his grieues doe grow vpon him,  
As doe his howres. Neuer did I know  
An vnderstanding spirit so take to hart  
The common worke of *Fate*.

*Ouid.* O my *Tibullus*,

Let vs not blame him: for against such chaunces,  
The hartiest strife of vertue is not prooffe.

We may read Constancy and Fortitude,

To other soules: but had our selues beene strooke

With the like *Planet*; had our Loues (like his)

Beene rauisht from vs, by iniurious death,

And in the height, and heat of our best daies,

It would haue crackt our sinnewes, shrunk our vaines,

And made our very hart strings iarre, like his.

Come, let's goe take him foorth, and prooue, if Mirth,

Or Company will but abate his passion.

*Tibullus.* Content, and I implore the Gods it may. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Primi.*

ACTVS

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

SCENA PRIMA.

*Albius. Crispinus. Chloë. Maydes. Cytheris.*

*Albius.* **M**After *Crispinus*, you are welcome; Pray, vse a  
stoole Sir. Your Cosen *Cytheris*, will come  
downe presently. We are so busie for the re-  
ceceauing of these Courtiers here, that I can  
scarce be a minute with my selfe, for thinking of them; Pray  
you sit Sir, Pray you sit Sir.

*Crispinus.* I am very well Sir. Nere trust me, but you are most  
delicately seated here, full of sweete delight and blandishment;  
An excellent ayre, An excellent Ayre.

*Albius.* I Sir, tis a pretty ayre: These Courtiers runne in my  
minde still; I must looke out: for *Iupiters* sake sit Sir, or please  
you walke into the Garden. Ther's a Garden on the backside.

*Crispinus.* I am most strenuously well, I thanke you Sir.

*Albius.* Much good doe you Sir. *Exit.*

*Chloë.* Come, bring those Perfumes forward a little; and  
strew some Roses, and Violets here; Fie, here be roomes fa-  
uor the most pittifully ranke that euer I felt: I cry the Gods  
mercy, my Husband's in the winde of vs.

*Albius.* Why this is good, Excellent, Excellent: well said  
my sweete *Chloë*. Trim vp your house most obsequiously.

*Chloë.* For *Vulcanes* sake, breath some where else; in troth  
you ouercome our Perfumes exceedingly, you are to predo-  
minant.

*Albius.* Heare but my Opinion, sweete Wife.

*Chloë.* A pinne for your Pinnion. In sinceritie, if you be thus  
fulsome to me in euery thing, I'll be diuorc't; Gods my body!  
you know what you were, before I married you; I was a Gen-  
tlewoman borne, I: I lost all my friends to be a Citizens wife;  
because I heard indeed, they kept their wiues as fine as Ladies;

C

and



## Poetaster.

and that we might rule our husbands, like Ladies; and doe what we list: doe you thinke I would haue married you else?

*Albius.* I acknowledge, sweete wife: she speakes the best of any woman in *Italy*, and moues as mightily: which makes me, I had rather she should make Bumpes on my head, as big as my two fingers, then I would offend her: But sweete wife—

*Chloe.* Yet againe? I st not grace inough for you, that I call you Husband, and you call me wife: but you must still be poking me, against my will to things?

*Albius.* But you know wife; here are the greatest Ladies, and Gallantst Gentlemen of *Rome*, to be enterteyn'd in our house now: and I would faine aduise thee, to entertaine them in the best sort, yfaith wife.

*Chloe.* In sinceritie, did you euer heare a man talke so Idly? You would seeme to be Master? You would haue your spoke in my cart? you would aduise me to Entertaine Ladies, and Gentlemen? bicause you canne marshall your Packneedles, Horsecombes, Hobby-horses, and Wall-Candlesticks in your ware house better then I; therefore you can tell how to Entertaine Ladies, and Gentlefolkes better then I?

*Albius.* O my sweete wife, vpbraide me, not with that: "Gaine fauours sweetely from any thing; He that respects to get, must relish all commodities alike; and admit no difference betwixt *Oade*, and *Frankincense*; or the most pretious *Balsamum*, and a *Tarre-barrell*."

*Chloe.* Mary fough: You sell snuffers to, if you be remembered, but I pray you let me buy them out of your hand; for I tell you true, I take it highly in snuffe, to learne how to Entertaine Gentlefolkes, of you, at these yeeres, I faith: Alas man; there was not a Gentleman came to your house i' your tother Wiues time, I hope? nor a Lady? nor Musique? nor Masques, Nor you, nor your house were so much as spoken of, before I disbaist my fesse, from my Hood and my Faringall, to these Bumrowles, and your Whale-bone Bodies.

*Albius.*

## Poëtaſter.

*Albius.* Looke here, my ſweete Wife; I am Muir, my deare *Mumma*, my *Balsamum*, my *Sperma Cete*, & my verry Citty of— ſhe has the moſt beſt, true, ſæminine wit in *Rome*.

*Criſp.* I haue heard ſo Sir; and doe moſt vehemently deſire to participate the knowledge of her faire Features.

*Albius.* Ah, peace; you ſhall heare more anon; be not ſcene yet; I pray you; not yet; obſerue. *Exit.*

*Chloë.* Sbody, giue Huſbands the head a little more, and they'll be nothing but Head ſhortly; whats he there?

*Mayde.* 1. I know not forſooth:

*Mayde.* 2. Who would you ſpeake with Sir?

*Criſp.* I would ſpeake with my Coſen *Cytheris*.

*Mayde.* Hee is one forſooth would ſpeake with his Coſen *Cytheris*.

*Chloë.* Is ſhe your Coſen Sir?

*Criſp.* Yes in truth for ſooth, for fault of a better.

*Chloë.* She is a Gentlewoman?

*Criſp.* Or elſe, ſhe ſhould not be my Coſen, I aſſure you;

*Chloë.* Are you a Gentleman borne?

*Criſp.* That I am Lady; you ſhall ſee mine Armes, if't pleaſe you.

*Chloë.* No, your legges doe ſufficiently ſhew you are a Gentleman borne Sir: for a man borne vpon little legges, is alwaies a Gentleman borne.

*Criſp.* Yet, I pray you, vouchſafe the ſight of my armes, Miſtreſſe; for I beare them about me, to haue them ſcene: my name is *Criſpinus*, or *Criſpinas* indeede; which is well expreſt in my armes, a Face crying in chiefe; and beneath it a bloody Toe, betweene three Thornes *Pungent*.

*Chloë.* Then you are welcome Sir; now you are a Gentleman borne, I can finde in my hart to welcome you: for I am a Gentlewoman borne too; and will beare my head high enough, though twere my fortune to marry a Flat-cappe.

*Albius.* Deare wife be not angry.

*Chloë.* God's my paſſion!



## Poëtaster.

*Albins.* Heare me but one thing; let not your maides set Cushions in the Parlor windowes; nor in the dining Chamber windowes; nor vpon stooles, in either of them in any case; for tis Tauerne like; but lay them one vpon an other, in some out Roome, or corner of the dining Chamber.

*Chloë.* Goe, goe, meddle with your Bed-chamber onely, or rather with your Bed in your Chamber, onely; or rather with your Wife in your Bed onely; or on my faith, Ile not be pleas'd with you onely.

*Albins.* Looke here, my deare Wife, entertaine that Gentleman kindly, I pre' thee; — Mum. *Exit.*

*Chloë.* Goe, I need your instructions indeede; Anger me no more, I aduise you. Citi-sin quotha'! shees a Wise Gentlewoman yfaith, will marry her selfe to the Synne of the Citty.

*Albins.* But this time, and no more (by heauen) Wife: hang no pictures in the Hall, nor in the dining Chamber, in any case, but in the Gallery onely, for tis not Courtly else, on my word, Wife.

*Chloë.* 'Spretious, neuer haue don!

*Albins.* Wife. *Exit.*

*Chloë.* Doe I not beare a reasonable corrigible hand ouer him, *Crispinus*?

*Crisp.* By this hand Lady, you hold a most sweete hand ouer him.

*Albins.* And then for the great gilt Andyrons?

*Chloë.* Againe! would the Andyrons were in your great guts, for me.

*Albins.* I doe vanish, Wife. *Exit.*

*Chloë.* How shall I doe, Master *Crispinus*? here will be all the brauest Ladies in Court presently, to see your Cosen *Cytheris*: O the Gods! how might I behaue my selfe now, as to entertaine them most Courtly?

*Crisp.* Marry Lady, if you will entertaine them most Courtly, you must doe thus: as soone as euer, your maide, or your man brings you word they are come; you must say, *A pox on 'hem, what do they here?* And yet when they come, speak them as faire,

## Poetaster.

faire, & giue them the kindest welcome in wordes, that can be.

*Chlo.* Is that the fashion of Courtiers, *Crispinus*?

*Crisp.* I assure you, it is Ladie, I haue obseru'd it.

*Chl.* For your Pox Sir, it is easily hit vpon; but, 'tis not so easie to speake faire after, me thinks?

*Alb.* O VVife, the Coaches are come, on my word, a number of Coaches and Courtiers.

*Chlo.* A pox on them: what doe they here?

*Alb.* How now wife! wouldst thou not haue them come?

*Chlo.* Come? come, you are a foole, you: He knowes not the tricke on't. Cal *Cytheris* I pray you: and good master *Crispinus*, you can obserue, you say; let me intreate you for all the Ladies behauiors, Iewels, Iestes, and Att tyres, that you marking as well as I, we may put both our markes together, when they are gone, and confer of them.

*Crisp.* I warrant you Sweet Ladie; let me alone to obserue, till I turne my selfe to nothing but obseruation.

God morrow cosen *Cytheris*.

*Cyth.* Welcome kinde cosen. What, are they come?

*Alb.* I, your friend *Cornelius Gallus*, *Onid*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, with *Iulia* the Emperors daughter, and the Ladie *Plantia* are lighted at the dore; and with them *Hermogenes Tigellius*, the excellent Musitian.

*Cyth.* Come, let vs goe meete them *Chloë*.

*Chlo.* Obserue *Crispinus*.

*Cri.* At a haires breadth Ladie, I warrant you.

## SCENA SECVNDA.

*Gallus*, *Onid*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, *Hermogenes*, *Iulia*,  
*Plantia*, *Cytheris*, *Chloë*, *Albius*, *Crispinus*.

*Gall.* Health to the louely *Chloë*: you must pardon me *Mis-eris*, that I preferre this faire Gentlewoman.

*Cith.* I pardon, and praise you for it, Sir; and I beseech your Excellence, receiue her beauties into your Knowledge and Fauour.



## Poëtafter.

*Iul. Cytheris*, she hath Fauour, & behauour, that commands as much of mee; and sweete *Chloë*, know I doe exceedingly loue you, & that I wil approue in any grace my father the Emperour may shewe you. Is this your husband?

*Alb.* For fault of a better, if it please your Highnesse.

*Chl.* Gods my life! how he shames mee!

*Cyth.* Not a whit *Chloë*, they all thinke you politicke, and wittie; wise women chuse not husbands for the Eye, Merit, or Byrth; but wealth, and Soueraignty. (you.

*Ouid.* Sir, we all come to gratulate, for the good report of *Tibull.* And would be glad to deserue your loue, Sir.

*Alb.* My wife will answere you all, gentlemen; Ile come to you againe presently. *Exit.*

*Plant.* You haue chosen you a most faire companion here, *Cytheris*; and a very faire house.

*Cith.* To both which, you and all my friends, are very welcome *Plantia.*

*Chlo.* With all my heart, I assure your Ladishippe.

*Plau.* Thanks, sweete Mistresse *Chloë*.

*Iul.* You must needes come to Court Ladie yfaith, and there be sure your welcome shall be as great to vs.

*Ouid.* She will well deserue it Madam. I see, euen in her lookes, Gentry, and generall worthinesse.

*Tibull.* I haue not seene a more certaine Character of an excellent disposition.

*Alb.* VVife.

*Chl.* O, they doe so commend me here, the Courtiers! what's the matter now?

*Alb.* For the banquet, sweete wife.

*Chl.* Yes; and I must needes come to Court; and be welcome, the Princeesse saies. *Exit*

*Gal.* *Ouid* and *Tibullus*, you may be bolde to welcome your Mistresses here.

*Ouid.* VVe finde it so Sir.

*Tibull.* And thanke *Cornelius Gallus*.

*Ouid.*

## Poëtaster.

*Ouid.* Nay, my sweete *Sextus*, infaith thou art not sociable,

*Prop.* Infaith I am not *Publius*; nor I cannot.

Sick mindes are like sick men that burne with Feauers,

VVho when they drinke, please but a lingring taste,

And after beare a more impatient fit.

Pray, let me leaue you; I offend you all,

And my selfe most.

*Gal.* Stay sweete *Propertius*.

*Tibull.* You yeeld to much vnto your grieues, and Fate,  
VVhich neuer hurtes, but when we say it hurts vs.

*Prop.* O peace *Tibullus*; your Philosophie  
Lends you to rough a hand to search my wounds.  
Speake they of griefes, that know to sigh and grieue;  
The free and vnconstrained Spirit feeles  
No weight of my oppression.

*Exit.*

*Ouid.* VVorthie *Romane*!

Me thinks I taste his misery; and could  
Sit downie, and chide at his malignant Starres:

*Iul.* Me thinkes I loue him, that he loues so truely.

*Cyth.* This is the perfect st loue, liues after death.

*Gal.* Such is the constant ground of vertue still.

*Plau.* It puts on an inseperable face.

*Chl.* Haue you markt euery thinge, *Crispinus*?

*Cri.* Euery thing, I, warrant you

*Chl.* VVhat Gentlemen are these? doe you know them?

*Crisp.* I, they are *Poets*, Ladie.

*Chl.* *Poets*? they did not talke of me since I went, did they?

*Crisp.* O yes, and extold your perfections to the heaucns.

*Chl.* Now in sincerity, they be the finest kind of men, that e-  
uer I knew; *Poets*? Could not one get the Emperour to make my  
husband a *Poet*, thinke you?

*Crisp.* No Ladie, tis Loue, and Bèauty make *Poets*: & since  
you like *Poets* so well, your Loue, and Beauties shall make me

*Chl.* VVhat shall they? and such a one as these? (a *Poet*.)

*Crisp.* I, and a better than these: I would be sory else.



## Poëtaſter.

*Chl.* And ſhall your lookes change? and your Haire change? and all, like theſe?

*Criſp.* Why, a man may be a *Poët*, and yet not change his Haire, *Ladie*.

*Chlo.* Well, we ſhall ſee your cunning: yet if you can chāge your Haire, I pray: do.

*Alb.* Ladies, and Lordings, there's a ſlight Banquet ſtaies within for you, pleaſe you drawe nere and accoſt it.

*Julia.* We thanke you good *Albins*: but when ſhall wee ſee thoſe excellent Jewels you are commended to haue?

*Alb.* At your *Ladiſhippes ſervice*. I got that ſpeech by ſeeing a Play laſt day, and it did me ſome grace now: I ſee, 'tis good to collect ſometimes; Ile frequent theſe Playes more then I haue done, now I come to be familiar with Courtiers.

*Gal.* Why how now *Hermogenes*? what aileſt thou trow?

*Her.* A little melancholy, let mee alone, pray thee.

*Gal.* Melancholy! how ſo?

*Her.* With ryding: a plague on all Coaches for me.

*Chlo.* Is that hard fauourd Gentleman a *Poet* too; *Cytheris*?

*Cyth.* No; this is *Hermogenes*; aſ humorous as a *Poet* though; he is a *Muſician*.

*Chlo.* A *Muſician*? then he can ſing.

*Cyth.* That he can excellently; did you neuer hear him?

*Clo.* O no: will he be intreated, thinke you?

*Cyth.* I know not. Friend, Miſtreſſe *Chloe* would faine hear *Hermogenes* ſing: are you intereſted in him?

*Gal.* No doubt, his owne Humanitie will commaund him ſo farre, to the ſatisfaction of ſo faire a beauty; but, rather the faile, wee all be ſuiters to him.

*Her.* Cannot ſing.

*Gal.* Pray thee *Hermogenes*.

*Her.* Cannot ſing.

*Gal.* For honour of this Gentlewoman, to whoſe houſe, I know thou maiſt be euer welcome.

*Clo.* That he ſhall in trueth ſir, if he can ſing.

*Ouid.*

## Poëtafter.

*Ouid.* VVhat's that?

*Gal.* This Gentlewoman is woing *Hermogenes* for a song.

*Ouid.* A song? Come, he shall not deny her, *Hermogenes*?

*Herm.* 'Cannot sing.

*Gal.* No, the Ladies must doe it, he staves but to haue their thanks acknowledg'd as a debt to his cunning.

*Iul.* That shall not want: our selfe will be the first shall promise to pay him more then thanks, vpon a fauour so worthily vouchsaf't.

*Herm.* Thanke you Madame; but 'will not sing.

*Tibull.* Tut, the onely way to winne him, is to abstaine from intreating him.

*Crisp.* Doe you loue singing, Ladie?

*Chl.* O, passingly.

(you.

*Crisp.* Intreat the Ladies, to intreat me to sing then, I beseech

*Chl.* I beseech your Grace intreat this Gentleman to sing.

*Iul.* That we will *Chloë*; can he sing excellently?

*Chl.* I thinke so Madam: for he intreated me, to intreat you, to intreat him to sing.

*Crisp.* Heauen and earth, 'would you tell that?

*Iul.* Good Sir, lets intreat you to vse your voice.

*Crisp.* Alas Madam, I cannot in trueth.

*Plan.* The Gentlemans is modest: I warrant you, he singes excellently.

*Ouid.* *Hermogenes* cleare your throate: I see by him, heer's a Gentleman will worthily challenge you.

*Crisp.* Not I sir, Ile challenge no man.

*Tibul.* That's your modestie sir: but we, out of an assurance of your excellency, challenge him in your behalfe.

*Crisp.* I thanke you Gentlemen, Ile doe my best.

*Her.* Let that best be good, sir, you were best.

*Gal.* O, this contention is excellent. VVhat is't you sing Sir?

*Crisp.* If I freely may discover, &c. Sir, Ile sing that.

*Ouid.* One of your owne compositions, *Hermogenes*.  
He offers you vantage enough.

D

*Crisp.*



## Poëtafter.

*Crisp.* Nay truly Gentlemen, Ile challenge no man-- :I can sing but one staffe of the Dittie neither.

*Gal.* The better: *Hermogenes* himselfe will bee intreated to sing the other.

### CANTVS.

**I**F I freely may discover,  
What woulde please mee in my Louer:

I woulde haue her faire, and wittie,  
Sanouring more of Court, then Citie;  
A little proude, but full of pitie:  
Light and Humorous in her toying,  
Oft building hopes, and soone destroying,  
Long, but sweete in the enioying,  
Neither too easie, nor too harde:  
All extreames I would haue barde.

*Gal.* Belceue me Sir, you sing most excellently.

*Ouid.* If there were a praise aboue Excellence, the Gentlema highly deserues it.

*Her.* Sir, all this doth not yet make me enuy you: for I know I sing better then you.

*Tibull.* Attend *Hermogenes* now.

2

Shee should be allowed her Passions,  
So they were but vs'd as fashions;  
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,  
Sometimes sickish, and then swooning,  
Euery fit, with change, still crowning.  
Purely Ielous, I would haue her,  
Then onely constant when I craue her.  
Tis a vertue should not saue her,  
Thus, nor her Delicates would cloy mee,  
Neither her peeuishnesse annoy mee.

## Poetaster.

*Iul.* Nay *Hermogenes*, your merit hath long since beene both knowne, and admir'd of vs.

*Her.* You shall heare me sing another: now will I beginne.

*Gal.* VVee shall doe this Gentlemans Banquet too much wrong, that staies for vs, Ladies:

*Iul.* Tis true: and well thought on, *Cornelius Gallus*.

*Her.* VVhy 'tis but a short *Ayre*, 'twill be done presently, pray stay; strike *Musique*.

*Ouid.* No, good *Hermogenes*: we'll end this differēce within.

*Iul.* Tis the common disease of all your *Musicians*, that they knowe no meane, to be intreated, either to begin, or ende.

*Alb.* Please you leade the way, Gentles?

*Omnes.* Thankes good *Albius*.

*Exeunt*

*Alb.* O, what a charme of thankes was here put vpon me! O *Ioue*, what a setting forth it is to a man, to haue many Courtiers com to his house! Sweetly was it said of a good old Houskeeper; *I had rather want meate, then want Ghests*: specially, if they be Courtly Ghests. For neuer trust me, if one of their good legges made in a house, be not worth all the good cheare, a man can make them. He that would haue fine Ghestes, let him haue a fine Wife; he that would haue a fine Wife, let him come to mee.

*Crisp.* By your kinde leaue, Master *Albius*.

*Alb.* VVhat, you are not gone, Master *Crispine*?

*Crisp.* Yes faith, I haue a desseigne drawes me hence: pray Sir, fashion me an excuse to the Ladies.

*Alb.* VVill you not stay? & see the Jewels, sir? I pray you stay.

*Crisp.* Not for a Million Sir, now; Let it suffice, I must relinquish; and so in a word, please you to exiate this Complement.

*Alb.* Mum.

*Exit.*

*Crisp.* Ile presently goe and Engle some Broker, for a Poets Gowne, and bespeake a Gyrland: and then Jeweller, looke to your best Jewel yfaith.

*Exit.*

*Finis Actus Secundi.*

D<sub>2</sub>

ACT.



Poëtafter.

ACTVS TERTIVS.  
SCENA PRIMA.

*Horace, Crispinus.*

Hor. Lib. I. Sat. 9. *Hor.* **H**M Hyes; I will begin an *Ode* so; & it shall bee to *Mecænas*.

*Crisp.* **H**Slid yonders *Horace*: they say hee's an Excellent *Poet*: *Mecænas* loues him. Ile fal into his acquaintance, if I can; I thinke hee bee composing, as hee goes i'the streete: ha? tis a good humor, and hee bee: Ile compose too.

*Hor.* Swell mee a bowle with lustie wine,  
Till I may see the plumpe *Lyæus* swim  
Above the brim:

*I drinke, as I would wright;  
In flowing measure, filld with Flame, & spright.*

*Crisp.* Sweete *Horace*! *Minerva*, and the *Muses* stand auspicious to thy desseignes. How far'st thou sweete man? Frolicke? rich? gallant? ha?

*Hor.* Not greatly gallant, Sir: like my fortunes; well. I'm bold to take my leaue Sir, you'd naught else Sir, wold you?

*Crisp.* Troth no; but I could wish thou didst know vs, *Horace*; we are a *Scholer*, I assure thee.

*Hor.* A *Scholer* Sir? I shall be couetous of your faire knowledge.

*Crisp.* Gramercy good *Horace*; Nay, we are newe turn'd *Poet* too, which is more; and a *Satyrist* too, which is more then that: I write iust in thy vaine, I. I am for your *Odes* or your *Sermons*, or any thing indeede; wee are a Gentleman besides: our name is *Rufus Laberius Crispinus*; we are a pretty *Stoicke* too.

*Hor.* To the proportion of your beard, I thinke it fir.

*Crisp.* By *Phæbus*, here's a most neate fine streete; is't not?

## Poëtafter.

I protest to thee, I am enamord of this streete now, more then of halfe the streetes of *Rome*, againe; tis so *polite*, and *terse*: Ther's the front of a Building now. I study *Architecture* too: if euer I should build, I'de haue a house iust of that *Prospective*.

*Horace*. Doubtlesse, this Gallants tongue has a good turne, when he sleepest.

*Crisp*. I doe make verses, when I come in such a streete as this: O your Citty-Ladies, you shall ha' hem sit in euery shop like the *Muses*,— offering you the *Castalian* Deawes, and the *Thespian* Liquors, to as many as haue but the sweete grace and Audacitie to— sip of their lips. Did you neuer heare any of my verses?

*Horace*. No Sir; but I am in some feare, I must, now.

*Crisp*. Ile tell thee some (if I can but recouer 'hem) I compos'd e'en now of a veluet cap, I saw a Jewellers wife wear; who indeede was a Jewell her selfe: I prefer that kind of Tire now; What's thy opinion *Horace*?

*Horace*. With your siluer Bodkin, it does well, Sir.

*Crisp*. I cannot tell, but it stirs me more then all your Court Curles, or your Spangles, or your Trickes; I affect not these high *Gable* ends, these *Tuscan* tops, nor your *Coronets*, nor your *Arches*, nor your *Pyramids*; giue me a fine sweete— little veluet Cap, with a Bodkin; as you say: and a Mushrome, for all your other Ornatures.

*Horace*. Ist not possible to make an escape from him?

*Crisp*. I haue remitted my verses all this while, I thinke I ha' forgot 'hem.

*Horace*. Heres hee, could wish you had else.

*Crisp*. Pray *Ioue*, I can intreat 'hem of my Memory.

*Horace*. You put your Memory to too much trouble, Sir.

*Crisp*. No, sweete *Horace*, we must not ha' thee thinke so.

*Horace*. I cry you mercy; then, they are my Eares That must be tortur'd; well, you must haue patience, Eares.

*Crisp*. Pray thee *Horace*, obserue.

*Horace*. Yes Sir: your Sattin sleee begins to fret at the



Poëtafter.

ACTVS TERTIVS.  
SCENA PRIMA.

*Horace, Crispinus.*

Hor. Lib. 1.  
Sat. 9.

*Hor.* **H**M Hyes; I will begin an *Ode* so; & it shall bee to *Mecænas*.

*Crisp.* **H**'Slid yonders *Horace*: they say hee's an Excellent *Poet*: *Mecænas* loues him. Ile fal into his acquaintance, if I can; I thinke hee bee composing, as hee goes i'the streete: ha'tis a good humor, and hee bee: Ile compose too.

*Hor.* Swell mee a bowle with lustie wine,  
Till I may see the plumpe *Lyæus* swim  
About the brim:

I drinke, as I would wright;  
In flowing measure, fill'd with Flame, & spright.

*Crisp.* Sweete *Horace*! *Minerva*, and the *Muses* stand auspicious to thy desseignes. How far'st thou sweete man? Frolicke? rich? gallant? ha?

*Hor.* Not greatly gallant, Sir: like my fortunes; well.  
I'm bold to take my leaue Sir, you'd naught else Sir, wold you?

*Crisp.* Troth no; but I could wish thou didst know vs, *Horace*; we are a *Scholer*, I assure thee.

*Hor.* A *Scholer* Sir? I shall be couetous of your faire knowledge.

*Crisp.* Gramercy good *Horace*; Nay, we are newe turn'd *Poet* too, which is more; and a *Satyr*ist too, which is more then that: I write iust in thy vaine, I. I am for your *Odes* or your *Sermons*, or any thing indeede; wee are a Gentleman besides: our name is *Rufus Laberius Crispinus*; we are a pretty *Stoicke* too.

*Hor.* To the proportion of your beard, I thinke it fir.

*Crisp.* By *Phæbus*, here's a most neate fine streete; is't not?

## Poëtafter.

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## Poëtaſter.

Rug that is vnderneath it, I doe obſerue; And your ample Veluet hoſe are not without euident ſtaines of a hot diſpoſition Naturally.

*Criſp.* O, — Ile dye them into another Colour, at pleaſure: how many yards of Veluet doſt thou thinke they conteyne?

*Horace.* Hart! I haue put him now in a freſh way To vex me more: Faith Sir, your Mercers booke Will tell you with more patience, then I can; For I am croſt, and ſo's not that, I thinke.

*Criſp.* Slight; theſe Verſes haue loſt me againe: I ſhall not inuite hem to minde now.

*Horace.* Racke not your thoughts, good Sir; rather, defer it To a new Time; Ile meete you at your lodging. Or where you pleaſe: Till then, *Ioue* keepe you Sir.

*Criſp.* Nay gentle, *Horace*, ſtay: I haue it, now. (on me.

*Horace.* Yes Sir. *Apollo, Hermes, Iupiter*, looke downe vp-

*Criſp.* Rich was thy hap, Sweete Veluet Cap,

There to be placed;

Where thy ſmooth blacke, ſleek white may ſmacke,

And both be graced.

*White*, is there vſurpt for her brow; her forehead: and then ſleek, as the *Paralell* to ſmooth that went before. A kind of *Parano-maſy*, or *Agnomination*: doe you conceaue Sir?

*Horace.* Excellent. Troth Sir, I muſt be abrupt, & leaue you.

*Criſp.* Why, what haſte haſt thou? pray thee ſtay a little: thou ſhalt not goe yet, by *Phæbus*.

*Horace.* I ſhall not? what remedy? Fie, how I ſweate with

*Criſp.* And then——

(ſuffering.

*Horace.* Pray Sir, giue me leaue to wipe my face a little.

*Criſp.* Yes, doe, good *Horace*:

*Horace.* Thanke you Sir.

'Death! muſt craue his leaue to piſſe anon;  
Or that I may goe hence with halfe my teeth,  
I am in ſome ſuch feare: This Tyranny  
Is ſtrange; to take mine Eares vp by *Commiſſion*,

(Whether

## Poëtafter.

(Whether I will or no) and make them stalls  
To his lewd *Solacismes*; and woorded trash.  
Happy the bold *Bolanus*, now, I say;  
*Romes* Common Buffon: His free Impudence  
Would, long ere this, haue cald this fellow, Foole;  
And ranke, and tedious Foole, and haue shung iests  
As hard as stones, till he had pelted him  
Out of the place: whil'ft my tame Modesty  
Suffers my Wit be made a solemne Ass  
To beare his Fopperies:-----

*Crisp.* *Horace*, thou art miserably affected to be gone, I see.  
But—— Pray thee, lets proue, to enioy thee awhile: Thou hast  
no businesse, I assure me: Whether is thy iourney directed? ha?

*Horace.* Sir, I am going to visit a Friend, that's sicke.

*Crisp.* A Friend? Whats he? doe not I know him?

*Horace.* No Sir, you doe not know him; and 'tis not the  
worse for him.

*Crisp.* What's his Name? wher's he lodg'd?

*Horace.* Where, I shall be fearefull to drawe you out of your  
way, Sir; a great way hence; Pray sir, let's part.

*Crisp.* Nay, but where ist? I pray thee say.

*Horace.* On the farre side of all *Tyber* yonder, by *Cæsars*  
Gardens.

*Crisp.* O, that's my course directly; I am for you. Come,  
goe: why standst thou?

*Horace.* Yes Sir: marry the Plague is in that part of the  
Citty; I had almost forgot to tell you, Sir.

*Crisp.* Fow: It's no matter, I feare no Pestilence, I ha' not of-  
fended *Phœbus*.

*Horace.* I haue, it seemes; or else this heavy scourge  
Could nere haue lighted on me.-----

*Crisp.* Come, along.

*Horace.* I am to goe downe some halfe mile, this way, Sir,  
first, to speake with his *Phisitian*: And from thence to his *Apo-  
thecary*, where I shall stay the mixing of diuers drugges-----



## Poëtaster.

*Crisp.* Why, its all one. I haue nothing to doe, and I looue not to be idle; Ile beare thee company. How call'st thou the *Poethecary*?

*Horace.* O, that I knew a Name would fright him now.  
*Rhadamanthus* Sir:

Ther's one so cald, is a iust Iudge in hell;  
And doth inflict strange vengeance on all those,  
That (here on earth) torment poore patient spirits.

*Crisp.* He dwells at the Three *Furies*, by *Ianus* Temple?

*Horace.* Your *Apothecary* does, Sir.

*Crisp.* Hart, I owe him Money for sweete meats, and he has laid to arrest me, I heare: but——

*Horace.* Sir, I haue made a most solemne vow: I will neuer Bayle any man.

*Crisp.* Well then, Ile sweare, and speake him faire, if the worst come. But his Name is *Minos*, not *Rhadamanthus*,  
*Horace.*

*Horace.* That may be Sir: I but guesst at his name by his Signe.  
But your *Minos* is a Iudge to, Sir?

*Crisp.* I protest to thee *Horace* (doe but tast me once,) if I doe know my selfe, and mine owne vertues truely, thou wilt not make that esteeme of *Varinus*, or *Virgill*, or *Tibullus*, or any of 'hem in deed, as now in thy Ignorance thou dost; which I am content to forgiue: I would faine see which of these could pen more Verses in a day, or with more facility then I; or that could court his Mistres, kisse her hand, make better sport with her Fanne, or her Dogge?

*Horace.* I can not Bayle you yet, Sir.

*Crisp.* Or that could moue his body more gracefully? or Dance better? you shoo'd see me, were it not i' the street.

*Horace.* Nor yet.

*Crisp.* Why, I haue beene a Reueller, and at my cloth of siluer Sute, and my long stocking, in my Time, and will be againe——

*Horace.* If you may be trusted, Sir.

*Crisp.*

## Poëtaster.

*Crisp.* And then for my singing, *Hermogenes* him selfe Enuies me; that is your onely Master of *Musique* you haue in *Rome*.

*Horace.* Is your Mother liuing, Sir?

*Crisp.* Au: Conuert thy thoughts to somewhat else, I pray thee.

*Horace.* You haue much of the Mother in you, Sir: your Father is dead?

*Crisp.* I, I thanke *Ioue*, and my Grand-father to, and all my kinsfolkes, and well compos'd in their Graues.

*Horace.* The more their happinesse; that rest in peace, Free from th'aboundant torture of thy tongue; Would I were with them too.

*Crisp.* What's that, *Horace*?

*Horace.* I now remember me, Sir, of a sad fate  
A Cunning woman, on *Sabella* sung,  
When in her Vrne, she cast my destiny,  
I being but a Child.

*Crisp.* What was't, I pray thee?

*Horace.* She tould me, I should surely neuer perish  
By *Famine*, *Poyson*, or the *Enemies sword*;  
The *Hetticke Feuer*, *Cough*, or *Pleurisy*,  
Should neuer hurt me; nor the tardy *Gout*.  
But in my Time, I should be once surpriz'd,  
By a strong tedious Talker, that should vex  
And almost bring me to *Consumption*.  
Therefore (if I were wise) she warn'd me shunne  
All such long-winded Monsters, as my bane;  
For if I could but scape that one Discourser,  
I might (no doubt) prooue anould aged man. By your leave  
Sir?

*Crisp.* Tut, tut: abandon, this idle humor, 'tis nothing but  
*Melancholy*. Fore *Ioue*, now I thinke ont, I am to appeare in  
Court here, to answere to one that has me in suite: sweete *Ho-*  
*race* goe with me; this is my howre: if I neglect it, the Law  
proceedes against me: Thou art familiar with these thinges;

E

pray



## Poëtaster.

pray thee, if thou louest me, goe.

*Horace.* Now let me die Sir, if I know your Lawes ;  
Or haue the power, to stand halfe so long  
In their ( ) Courts, as while a Case is Argued.  
Besides, you know Sir where I am to goe, and the Necessity.

*Crisp.* Tis true : —

*Horace.* I hope the howre of my release be come : He will  
(vpon this Consideration) discharge me sure.

*Crisp.* Troth, I am doubtfull, what I may best doe ; whether  
to leaue thee, or my affaires, *Horace*?

*Horace.* O *Iupiter*, me Sir ; me, by any meanes : I beseech  
you, me, Sir.

*Crisp.* No faith, Ile venture those now ; Thou shalt see I loue  
thee, come *Horace*.

*Horace.* Nay then, I am desperate : I follow you Sir. Tis  
hard contending with a man that ouercomes thus.

*Crisp.* And how deales *Mecænas* with thee? Liberally? Ha?  
Is he open handed? bountifull?

*Horace.* Hee's still himselfe, Sir.

*Crisp.* Troth *Horace*, thou art exceeding happy in thy Friends  
and Acquaintance ; they are all most choise spirits, and of the  
first ranke of *Romanes*. I doe not know that *Poet*, I protest, ha's  
vsd his Fortune more prosperously then thou hast. If thou  
wouldst bring me knowne to *Mecænas*, I should second thy  
desert well ; Thou shouldst find a good sure Assistance of me :  
One that would speake all good of thee in thy Absence, and be  
content with the next Place, not enuying thy Reputation with  
thy *Patron*. Let me not liue, but I thinke thou and I ( in a small  
time ) should lift them all out of Fauor, both *Virgill*, *Varius*,  
and the best of them ; and enioy him wholly to our selues.

*Horace.* Gods, You doe know it, I can hold no longer ;  
This Brize hath prickt my Patience : Sir, your Silkenesse  
Clearly mistakes *Mecænas*, and his house ;  
To thinke, there breaths a Spirit beneath his Roofe ;  
Subiect vnto those poore affections.

## Poëtaſter.

Of vnder-mining *Envy*, and *Detraction*,  
Moodes, onely proper to baſe groueling minds :  
That Place is not in *Rome*, I dare affirme,  
More pure, or free, from ſuch low common Euils.  
There's no man greeu'd, that this is thought more Rich,  
Or this more Learned ; Ech man hath his Place,  
And to his merit, his reward of Grace :  
Which with a mutuall loue they all embrace.

*Criſp.* You report a wonder ! tis ſcarce credible, this.

*Horace.* I am no Torturer, to enforce you to belecue it, but tis ſo.

*Criſp.* Why, this enflames me with a more ardent deſire to be his, then before : but, I doubt I ſhall find the entrance to his Familiarity, ſomewhat more then difficult, *Horace.*

*Horace.* Tut, you'le conquer him, as you haue done me ; There's no ſtanding out againſt you Sir, I ſee that. Either your Importunacy, or the Intimation of your good Parts ; or——

*Criſp.* Nay, I'le bribe his Porter, and the Groomes of his Chamber ; make his doores open to me that way firſt : and then, I'le obſerue my times. Say, he ſhould extrude me his houſe to day ; ſhall I therefore deſiſt, or let fall my ſuite to morrow ? No : I'le attend him, follow him, meete him i' the ſtreete, the high waies, runne by his Coach, neuer leaue him. What ? “Man hath nothing giuen him, in this life, without much Labor.

*Horace.* And Impudence.

Archer of Heauen ; *Phœbus* take thy Bowe  
And with a full drawne ſhaft, nayle to the earth  
This *Python* ; that I may yet runne hence, and liue :  
Or Brawny *Hercules*, doe thou come downe ;  
And (though thou mak'ſt it vp thy thirteenth labor)  
Reſcue me from this *Hydra* of diſcourſe here.



Poëtafter.

SCENA SECVNDA.

*Aristius. Horace. Crispinus.*

*Aristius.*

**H** *Orace.* Well met.

*Horace.* O welcome my Redeemer.

*Aristius,* as thou louest me, Ransome me,

*Aristius.* What aylst thou, man?

*Horace.* Death, I am seaz'd on here  
By a Land-*Remora*, I cannot stirr;  
Not moue, but as he please.

*Crisp.* Wilt thou goe, *Horace*?

*Horace.* Hart! He cleaues to me like *Alcides* shirt,  
Tearing my Flesh, and Sinnewes; ô I ha' beene vext  
And tortur'd with him, worse then forty *Feauers*.  
For *Ioues* sake, find some meanes, to take me from him.

*Arist.* Yes, I will: but I'll goe first, and tell *Mecœnas*.

*Crisp.* Come, shall we goe?

*Arist.* The iest will make his eyes runne, yfaith.

*Horace.* Nay, *Aristius*?

*Arist.* Farewell, *Horace*.

*Horace.* Death! will a' leaue me? *Fuscus Aristius*, doe you  
heare? Gods of *Rome*, you said you had somewhat to say to  
me in priuate.

*Arist.* I, but I see, you are now imployd with that Gentle-  
man: 'twere sinne to trouble you. I'll take some fitter opportu-  
nity, adue. *Exit.*

*Horace.* Mischiefe, and torment! O my Soule, and Hart,  
How are you Crampt with anguish! Death it selfe  
Brings not the like Conuulsion. O this day,  
That euer I should viewe thy tedious face?

*Crisp.* *Horace*, what Passion? what Humours this?

*Horace.* Away, good *Prodigy*, afflict me not.  
A Friend, and mocke me thus! neuer was man  
So left vnder the Axe—— how now.

SCENA

# Poëtaster.

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Minos, Lictors, Crispinus, Horace.*

*Minos.* **T**hat's he, in the imbrodered hat, there, with the Ash  
colour'd Fether: his name is *Liberius Crispinus*.

*Lict.* *Liberius Crispinus*; I arrest you in the *Emperors* name.

*Crisp.* Me Sir? doe you arrest mee?

*Lict.* I Sir, at the suite of Master *Minos* the *Apothecary*.

*Hor.* Thankes, greate *Apollo*: I will not slippe thy fauour of-  
fered me in my escape, for my fortunes. *Exit.*

*Crisp.* Master *Minos*? I know no Master *Minos*. Where's  
*Horace*? *Horace*? *Horace*?

*Min.* Sir, doe not you knowe mee?

*Crisp.* O yes; I knowe you, Master *Minos*: cry you mercie.  
But *Horace*? Gods' Sli'd, is he gone?

*Min.* I, and so would you too, if you knewe how. Officer  
looke to him.

*Crisp.* Doe you heare, Master *Minos*? pray' let's be vs'd like  
a man of our owne fashion. By *Ianus* and *Jupiter*, I meant to  
haue payed you next weeke, euery *Drachme*. Seeke not to ec-  
clipse my reputation thus vulgarly.

*Min.* Sir, your oathes cannot serue you; you knowe I haue  
forborne you long.

*Crisp.* I am conscious of it, Sir. Nay, I beseech you, Gentle-  
men, doe not exhale me thus; remember 'tis but for sweete  
meates——

*Lict.* Sweete meate must haue sower sauce, Sir. Come along.

*Crisp.* Sweete Master *Minos*: I am forfeited to eternall dis-  
grace, if you doe not commiserate. Good officer bee not so  
officious.



SCENA QVART A.

*Tucca, Pyrgus, Minos, Liſtors, Criſſpinus, Hiſtrio,  
Demetrius,*

*Tuc.* VVhy how now, my good brace of Blood-hounds? whether doe you dragge the Gent'man? you Mungrelles, you Curres, you Bandogges, wee are Captaine *Tucca*, that talke to you, you inhumane Pilchers.

*Min.* Sir, he is their priſoner.

*Tuc.* Their Peſtilence. VVhat are you, ſir?

*Min.* A Citizen of *Rome*, ſir.

*Tuc.* Then you are not farre diſtant from a Foole, ſir.

*Min.* A *Pothecary*, ſir.

*Tuc.* I knewe that was not a *Phyſitian*; fough: out of my Noſtrils, thou ſtinkſt of *Lotium*, & the *Syringe*; away Quackſaluer; Follower, my ſworde.

*Pyr.* Here, noble Leader, youle do no harme with it: Ile truſt you.

*Tuc.* Doe you heare, You, Goodman ſlaue? Hooke, Ramme, Rogue, Catchpole, looſe the Gent'man, or by my velvet armes-----

*Liſt.* What will you doe, ſir?

*Tuc.* Kiſſe thy hande, my honourable actiue Varlet: & embrace thee, thus.

*Pyr.* O Patient *Metamorphoſis*!

*Tuc.* My ſworde, my tall Rascal.

*Liſt.* Nay, ſofter ſir; Some wiſer then ſome.

*Tuc.* VVhat? and a Wit to? By *Pluto*, thou muſt be cheriſhed, ſlaue; heres three *Drachmes* for thee: hold.

*Pyr.* There's halfe his Lendings gone.

*Tuc.* Giue mee.

*Liſt.*

## Poëtafter.

*Lic.* No sir, your first word shall stand: Ile holde all.

*Tuc.* Nay, but Rogue:

*Lic.* You would make a rescue of our prisoner, Sir, you?

*Tuc.* I, a rescue? away inhumane Varlet. Come, come; I neuer relish aboue one Iest at most; doe not disgeste me: Sirra, doe not. Rogue, I tell thee, Rogue, doe not.

*Lic.* How sir? Rogue?

*Tuc.* I, why; thou art not angry Rascall? art thou?

*Lic.* I cannot tell sir, I am little better, vpon these termes.

*Tu.* Ha! Gods & Feinds, why dost hear? Rogue, Thou, giue me thy hand; I say vnto thee; thy hand: Rogue. what? dost not thou know mee? not me, Rogue? not Captaine *Tucca*, Rogue?

*Min.* Come: pra' surrender the Gentleman his sword, Officer; we'll haue no fighting here.

*Tuc.* VVhat's thy name?

*Min.* *Minos*; an't please you.

*Tucca.* *Minos*? come hyther, *Minos*; Thou art a wise Fellowe it seemes: Let me talke with thee.

*Crisp.* VVas euer wretch so wretched, as vnfortunate?

*Tuc.* Thou art one of the *Centum-viri*, *Old boy*; art' not?

*Min.* Noe indeede, Master Captaine.

*Tucca.* Goe to, thou shalt be then: Ile ha' thee one, *Minos*. Take my sworde from those Rascalles, dost thou see? Goe, do it; I cannot attempt with patience. VVhat does this Gentleman owe thee, little *Minos*?

*Min.* Fourescore *Sesterties*, sir.

*Tuc.* VVhat? no more? Come, thou shalt release him, *Minos*: what, Ile be his Bayle, thou shalt take my worde, *Old boy*, and Casheere these Furies: thou shalt do't, I say thou shalt, little *Minos*, thou shalt.

*Crisp.* Yes, and as I am a Gentleman and a Reueller, Ile make a peece of *Poetry* and absolue all, within these fiue daies.

*Tuc.* Come, *Minos* is not to learne how to vse a Gent'man of qualitie, I know; My sworde: If he pay thee not, I will, and I



## Poetaster.

must, *old boy*. Thou shalt be my *Pothecary* too : ha'lt good *Eringo's*, *Minos*?

*Min.* The best in *Rome*, sir.

*Tuc.* Goe too, then *Vermine*, knowe the house.

*Pyr.* I warrant you *Collonell*.

*Tucc.* For this Gentleman, *Minos*?

*Min.* Ile take your word, Captaine.

*Tuc.* Thou hast it, my sword.

*Min.* Yes sir : but you must discharge the arrest, Master *Crispinus*.

*Tuc.* How, *Minos*? looke in the Gentlemans face, and but reade his silence. Pay, pay; 'tis honour, *Minos*.

*Crisp.* By *Ioue*, sweete Captaine, you do most infinitely en-deare, and oblige me to you.

*Tuc.* Tut, I cannot complement, by *Mars*; but *Iupiter* loue me, as I loue good wordes, & good cloathes, and there's an end. Thou shalt giue my boy that girdle & hangers, when thou hast worne them a little more.

*Crisp.* O *Iupiter*! Captaine, he 'shall haue them now, presently; Please you to be acceptiue, young Gentleman.

*Pyr.* Yes sir, feare not; I shall accept : I haue a prettie foolish humor of taking, if you knewe all.

*Tuc.* Not now, you shall not take, boy.

*Crisp.* By my truth, and earnest, but a 'thal Captaine, by your leaue.

*Tuc.* Nay, and a 'swcare by his truth, take it boy : doe not make a Gentleman forsworne.

*Lic.* Well sir, there is your sword; but thanke Master *Minos* : you had not carried it as you doe, else.

*Tuc.* *Minos* is iust, and you are knaues, and. ---

*Lic.* What say you sir?

*Tuc.* Passe on, my good Scoundrell, passe on, I honour thee; But, that I hate to haue Action with such base Rogues as these; you should ha' seene me vnrip their noses now, and haue sent hem to the next Barbers, to stitching : for, doe you see? I am a

## Poetaster.

man of *Humor*, and I doe loue the Varlettes, the honest Var-  
lets; they haue *Wit*, and *Valor*, and are indeede good profitable  
— Arrant Rogues, as any liue in an Empire. Doeſt thou hear,  
*Poetaster*? ſecond me. Stand vp; *Minos*, cloſe, gather, yet; ſo. Sir,  
(thou ſhalt haue a quarter ſhare, be reſolute) you ſhal at my re-  
queſt take *Minos* by the hand here: little *Minos*, I will haue it  
ſo; All friends, and a health; Be not inexorable: and thou ſhalt  
impart the wine, *Old boy*, thou ſhalt do't, little *Minos*, thou  
ſhalt: make vs pay it in our Phyſicke. What? wee muſt liue and  
honour the Gods ſometimes; now *Bacchus*, now *Comus*, now  
*Priapus*; euery God a little. What's hee, that ſtalkes by, there?  
Boy, *Pyrghus*, you were beſt let him paſſe, Sirrah; do Leueret, let  
him paſſe, doe.

*Pyr.* Tis a Player, ſir.

*Tuc.* A Player? Call him, call the lowſie ſlaue hither; what'l  
hee faile by, and not once ſtrike, or vaile to a *Man of warre*?  
ha? doe you heare? you, Player, Rogue, Stalker, come back here:  
No reſpect to Men of worſhippe, you ſlaue? What, you are  
proude, you Rascall, are you proude? ha? you growe rich, doe  
you? and purchaſe? you haue Fortune & the good yeere on your  
ſide, you Stinkard? you haue? you haue?

*Hiſt.* Nay, ſweete Captaine, be confindeto ſome reaſon; I  
proteſt. I ſawe you not, ſir.

*Tuc.* You did not? where was your ſight, *Oedipus*? you walke  
with Hares eyes, doe you? Ile ha' 'hem glaz'd, Rogue; and you  
ſay the worde, they ſhall be glaz'd for you; Come, we muſt  
haue you turne Fiddler againe, ſlaue, 'get a Baſe Violin at your  
backe, and march in a Tawnie Coate, with one ſleeue, to  
Goofe-faire, and then you'll knowe vs; you'll ſee vs then; you  
will, Gulch, you will? Then; wil't pleaſe your worſhippe to haue  
any Muſicke, Captaine?

*Hiſt.* Nay, good Captaine.

*Tucca.* What? doe you laugh, *Homleglas*? death, you per-  
ſtemptuous Varlet, I am none of your fellowes; I haue com-



maunded a hundred and fiftie such Rogues, I.

I. *Pyr.* I, and most of that hundred and fiftie haue been leaders of a Legion. (taine.

*Hist.* If I haue exhibited wrong, I'll tender satisfaction, Cap.

*Tuc.* Say'st thou so, honest Vermine? Giue me thy hand, thou shalt make vs a supper one of these nights.

*Hist.* VVhen you please, by *Ioue*, Captaine, most willingly.

*Tuc.* Doeſt thou ſweare? To morrowe then; ſay, and holde ſlaue. There are ſome of you Players honeſt Gent'man-like Scoundrels: A man may ſkelder yee, now and than, of halfe a dozen ſhillings, or ſo. Doeſt thou not know that *Caprichio* there?

*Hist.* No, I aſſure you, Captaine.

*Tuc.* Goe, and be acquainted with him, then; hee is a Gent'man, parcell-Poet, you ſlaue: his Father was a man of worſhip, I tell thee: goe, he pens high, loſtie, in a newe ſtalking ſtraine; bigger then halfe the Rimers i'the towne againe: he was borne to fill thy mouth, *Minotaurus*; he was: he will teach thee to teare and rand, Rascall; to him: cheriſh his *Muſe*; goe: thou haſt fortie, fortie; ſhillings, I meane, Stinkard; giue him in earneſt; doe: hee ſhall write for thee, ſlaue. If hee penne for thee once, thou ſhalt not neede to trauell, with thy pumpes full of grauell, any more, after a blinde Iade and a Hamper. (taine.

*Histrio.* Troth, I thinke I ha' not ſo much about mee, Cap.

*Tuc.* It's no matter: giue him what thou haſt: *Paunch*, I'll giue my word for the reſt: though it lack a ſhilling or two, it killes not: Go, thou art an honeſt *Twentie i'the hundred*; I'll ha' the Statute repeald for thee, *Minos*: I muſt tel thee, *Minos*, thou haſt deieſted yon' Gent'mans ſpirit exceedingly: do'ſt obſerue? do'ſt note, little *Minos*?

*Min.* Yes ſir.

*Tuc.* Goe to then, raiſe; recouer; do; ſuffer him not to droop,

## Poëtaſter.

In proſpect of a Player, a Rogue, a Stager: put twentie into his hand; twentie; *Drachmes*, I meane, and let no bodie ſee: goe, doe it; the worke ſhall commend it ſelfe: be *Minos*: I'll pay.

*Min.* Yes forſooth, Captaine.

2. *Pyr.* Doe not wee ſerue a notable Sharke?

*Tuc.* And what newe Playes haue you now a foote, ſirrah? ha? I would faine come with my *Cockatrice* one day, and ſee a Play; if I knewe when there were a good baudie one: but they ſay, you ha' nothing but *Humours*, *Renels*, and *Satyres*, that girde, and fart at the time, you ſlaue.

*Hiftio.* No, I aſſure you Captaine, not wee. They are on the other ſide of *Tyber*: wee haue as much Ribaldry in our Plaies, as can bee, as you would wiſh, Captaine: All the ſinners, i' the Suburbs, come, and applaud our Action, daily.

*Tucca.* I heare, you'll bring mee o' the Stage there; you'll play mee, they ſay: I ſhall bee preſented by a ſorte of Copper-lac't Scoundrels of you: Death of *Pluto*, and you Stage mee, Stinkard; your *Mansions* ſhall ſweate for't, your *Tabernacles*, Varlettes: your *Globes*: and your *Tryumphes*.

*Hift.* Not wee, by *Phoebus*, Captaine: doe not doe vs imputation without deſert.

*Tucca.* I woo' not, my good two pennie Rascall: reach me thy neufe. Do'ſt heare? What wilt thou giue me a weeke, for my brace of Beagles, here, my little Point-truſſers? you ſhall ha' them Act among yee. Sirrah, you, pronounce. Thou ſhalt heare him ſpeake, in King *Darius* dolefull ſtraine.

1. *Pyr.* O dolefull dates! O direfull deadly dumpe!  
O wicked world! and worldly wickedneſſe!

How can I hold my fiſt from crying thumpe,  
In rue of this right rascall wretchedneſſe!

*Tuc.* In an amorous yaine now, ſirrah; peace.



## Poëtafter.

1. Pyr. O, she is wilder, and more hard, mithall,  
Then Beast or Birde, or Tree, or Stonie wall.  
Yet might she loue mee, to vpreare her State:  
I, but perhaps, shee hopes some nobler Mate.  
Yet might she loue me, to content her Sire:  
I, but her reason masters her desire.  
Yet might she loue me as her beauties thrall:  
I, but I feare, she cannot loue at all.

Tuc. Now the horrible fierce Souldier, you Sirrah.

1. Pyr. What? will I braue thee? I, and beard thee too.  
A Romane spirit scornes to beare a braine,  
So full of base Pusillanimitie.

Demet. Histrio. Excellent.

Tuc. Nay, thou shalt see that, shall rauish thee anon: prick vp  
thine eares, Stinkard: the Ghost, Boyes.

1. Pyr. Vindicta,

2. Pyr. Timoria.

1. Pyr. Vindicta.

2. Pyr. Timoria.

1. Pyr. Veni.

2. Pyr. Veni.

Tuc. Now, thunder, sirrah, you, the rumbling Player.

1. Pyr. I; but some bodie must cry murder, then, in a  
small voice.

Tucca. Your fellowe Sharer, there, shall do't; Cry Sirrah,  
cry.

1. Pyr. Murder, murder.

2. Pyr. Who calls out murder? Ladie, was it you?

Demet. Histrio. O admirable good, I protest.

Tucc. Sirrah, Boy, brace your drumme a little straighter, and  
doe the t'other fellowe there, hee in the--- what sha' call  
him--- and yet; stay too.

2. Pyr. Nay, and thou dallest, then I am thy Foe,  
And Feare shall force, what Friendship cannot winne;

Thy

## Poëtafter.

*Thy Death shall bury what thy life conceales,  
Villaine! thou diest, for more respecting her, than me.*

1. *Pyrgus.* O, stay my Lord.

2. *Pyrgus.* Yet speake the truth, and I will guerdon thee:  
But if thou dally once againe, thou diest.

*Tucca.* Enough of this, Boy.

2. *Pyrg.* Why then lament therefore: damn'd be thy Guts vnto  
King Plutoes hell, and Princely Erebus; for Sparrowes must  
haue food.

*Histrion.* Pray, sweete Captaine, let one of them doe a little  
of a Lady.

*Tucca.* O! he will make thee eternally enamourd of him  
there: doe Sirrah; doe: twill allay your fellowes Fury a little.

1. *Pyrgus.* Master, make on: the scorne thou giuest me,

Pray loue some Lady may returne on thee:

2. *Pyrgus.* No: you shall see me doe the Moore: Master,  
lend me your scarfe a little.

*Tucca.* Here, tis at thy seruice, Boy:

2. *Pyrgus.* You, Master *Minos*, harke hither a little. *Exeunt.*

*Tucca.* How do'st like him? art not rapt? art not tickled  
now? do'st not applaud, Rascall? do'st not applaud?

*Histrion.* Yes: what will you aske for 'hem a weeke, Cap-  
taine?

*Tuc.* No you mangonizing slaue, I will not part from 'hem:  
you'll sell 'hem for Enghles you; let's ha' good cheare to mor-  
row night at supper, Stalker, and then wee'll talke, good Capon,  
& Plouer, do you hear, Sirrah? & do not bring your eating Plaier  
with you there; I cannot away with him: He will eate a legge  
of mutton, while I am in my porridge, the leane *Poluphagus*,  
his belly is like *Barathrum*, he lookes like a Midwife in Mans  
apparrell, the slaue; nor the villanous-out-of-tune Fidler *O Eno-  
barbus*, bring not him. What hast thou there? six and thirty?  
ha?

*Hist.* No, here's all I haue (Captaine) some fiue and twenty.  
Pray Sir, will you present, & accomodate it vnto the Gentle-



## Poëtafter.

man: for mine owne part, I am a meere stranger to his Humour: besides, I haue some businesse inuites me hence, with Master *Asinius Lupus*, the Tribune.

*Tucca*. Well: goe thy waies; pursue thy *Proiects*, let me alone with this *Desseigne*: my *Poëtafter* shall make thee a Play, & thou shalt be a man of good parts, in it. But stay, let me see: Doe not bring your Father *Æsop*, your Polititian; vnlesse you can ramme vp his mouth with Cloues: the flaue smells ranker then some sixteene Dung-hilles, and is seuentene times more rotten: Mary, you may bring *Friskin*, my *Zany*: Hee's a good skipping Swaggerer; and your fat Foole there, my *Mango*, bring him too: but let him not begge Rapiers, nor scarfes in his ouer-familiar playing face, nor roare out his barren bold Iestes, with a tormenting Laughter, betweene drunke and dry. Doe you heare, Rascall? Giue him warning, Admonition, to forsake his sawcy glauering Grace, and his goggle Eye: it does not become him, Sirrah: tell him so.

*Histrion*. Yes Captaine: *Iupiter*, and the rest of the Gods confine your moderne delights, without disgust.

*Tuc*. Stay: thou shalt see the *Moore*, ere thou goest: what's he, with the halfe Armes there, that salutes vs out of his cloake, like a *Motion*? ha?

*Histrion*. O Sir, his dubblet's a little decayed; he is otherwise a very simple honest fellow, Sir: one *Demetrius*, a dresser of Playes about the towne, here; we haue hir'd him to abuse *Horace*, and bring him in, in a Play, with all his Gallants: as, *Tibullus*, *Mecænas*, *Cornelius Gallus*, and the rest.

*Tuc*. And: why so, Stinkard?

*Histrion*. O, it will get vs a huge deale of money (Captaine) and we haue neede on't; for this Winter ha's made vs all poorer, then so many staru'd Snakes: No body comes at vs; not a Gentleman, nor a ———

*Tuc*. But, you know nothing by him; doe you, to make a Play of?

*Histrion*. Faith, not much, Captaine: but our *Author* will deuise

# Poëtaster.

deuise inough :

*Tuc.* Why, my *Parnassus*, here, shall helpe him, if thou wilt :  
Can thy Author doe it impudently enough ?

*Hist.* O, I warrant you, Capitaine: and spitefully inough too;  
he ha's one of the most ouerflowing villanous wits, in *Rome*.  
He will slander any man that breathes; If he disgust him.

*Tucca.* I'le know the poore, egregious, nitty Rascall, and he  
haue such commendable Qualities, I'le cherish him : stay; here  
comes the *Tartar*; I'le make a gathering for him; I: a Purse,  
and put the poore slaue in fresh ragges; tell him so, to comfort  
him: well said Boy.

2. *Pyrg.* Where art thou Boy? where is *Calipolis*?  
*Fight earthquakes, in the entrailes of the earth,*  
*And Easternewhirle-mindes in the hellish shades:*  
*Some foule contagion of th'infected heauens*  
*Blast all the trees; and in their cursed tops*  
*The dismall night-rauen and tragicke Owle*  
*Breed, and become fore-runners of my fall.*

*Tucca.* Well, now fare thee well, my honest Penny-biter :  
Commend me to seuen Shares and a halfe : and remember to  
morrow : if you lacke a seruice, you shall play in my name,  
Rascalls; but you shall buy your owne cloth : and I'le ha' two  
shares for my Countenance: let rhy Author stay with me.

*Demetr.* Yes, Sir.

*Tucca.* Twas well done little *Minos*: thou didst stalke well :  
for-giue me that I said thou stunkst, *Minos*: twas the sauour  
of a *Poet*, I met sweating in the streete, hanges yet in my  
nostrills:

*Crisp.* Who? *Horace*?

*Tucca.* I; he, do'st thou know him?

*Crisp.* O, he forsooke me most barbarously, I protest.

*Tucca.* Hang him fusty *Satyre*; he smells all Goate; he  
carries a Ram, vnder his Arme-holes, the slaue: I am the worse  
when I see him. Did not *Minos* impart?

*Crisp.* Yes, here's twenty Drachmes, he did conuey.



## Poëtaſter.

*Tucca.* Well ſaid, keepe 'hem, weell ſhare anon; come little *Minos*.

*Criſp.* Faith Captaine, I'll be bould to ſhew you a Miſtreſ of mine, a Jewellers Wife, a Gallant, as we goe along.

*Tuc.* There ſpoke my *Genius*. *Minos*, ſome of thy Erin-goes, little *Minos*; ſend; come hither *Parnaffus*. I muſt ha thee familiar with my little *Locuſt*, here; tis a good *Vermine* they ſay.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Tertij.*

## ACTVS QVARTVS. SCENA PRIMA.

*Chloë. Cytheris.*

*Chloë.* **B**V T ſweete Lady, ſay: am I well inough attir'd for the Court, in ſadneſſe?

*Cytheris.* Well inough? excellent well, ſweete

*Chloë.* This ſtraight-bodied Citty attire ( I can tell you) will ſtirre a Courtiers blood, more, then the fineſt looſe Sackes the Ladies uſe to be put in; and then you are as well Jewell'd as any of them; your Ruffe, and linnen about you, is much more pure then theirs: And for your beauty, I can tell you, there's many of them would deſie the *Painter*, if they could change with you. Marry, the worſt is, you muſt looke to be enuied, and endure a few Court-frumps for it.

*Chloë.* O God! Madam, I ſhall buy them too cheape: Giue me my Muſſe, and my Dogge there. And will the Ladies be any thing familiar with me, thinke you?

*Cytheris.* O *Hercules*! Why, you ſhall ſee 'hem flocke about you with their puffe wings, and aſke you, where you bought your Lawne? and what you paid for it? Who ſtarches you?

## Poëtaster.

you? and entreat you to helpe 'hem to some pure Landresses,  
out of the City.

*Chloë.* O, *Cupid!* Giue me my Fanne, and my Masque too:  
And wil the Lords, and the *Poets* there, vse one well too, Lady?

*Cytheris.* Doubt not of that: you shall haue kisses from  
them, goe pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat, vpon your Lips, as thicke  
as stones out of slings, at the assault of a City. And then your  
~~face will be so red with the breath of their complements,~~  
that you cannot ~~shake~~ of your head (if you would) in three  
Winters after.

*Chloë.* Thanke you, sweete Lady. O Heauen! And how  
must one behaue her selfe amongst 'hem? you know all.

*Cytheris.* Faith, impudently inough, Mistresse *Chloë*, & well  
inough. Cary not too much vnder-thought betwixt your selfe  
and them; nor your Citty mannerly word (*forsooth*) vse it not  
too often in any Case; but plaine *I, Madam;* and *No, Madam:*  
Nor neuer say, your *Lordship*, nor your *Honor*; but, you, and  
you my *Lord*, and my *Lady*: the other, they count too simple,  
and minsiue. And though they desire to kisse Heauen with  
their Titles, yet they will count them fooles that giue them too  
humbly.

*Chloë.* O intollerable *Iupiter!* By my troth Lady, I would  
not for a world, but you had lyen in my house: and i'faith you  
shall not pay a farthing, for your boord; nor your Chambers.

*Cytheris.* O sweete Mistresse *Chloë!*

*Chloë.* I faith, you shall not Lady; nay good Lady, doe not  
offer it.

## SCENA SECVNDA.

*Cor. Gallus, Tibullus, Cytheris, Chloë.*

*Cor. Gallus.* Come, where be these Ladies? By your leaue,  
bright Starres; this Gentleman and I are come to man you to  
Court: where your late kind Entertainment is now to be re-  
quited with a Heauenly Banquet.

G

*Cytheris.*



## Poetaster.

*Cytheris.* A Heauenly Banquet, *Gallus*?

*Cor. Gallus.* No lesse, my deare, *Cytheris*.

*Tibullus.* That were not strange, Lady, if the *Epithere* were onely giuen for the Company inuited thither; your selfe, and this faire Gentlewoman.

*Chloë.* Are we inuited to Court, Sir?

*Tibull.* You are Lady, by the great Princeesse *Iulia*; who longs to greet you with any fauours, that may worthily make you an often Courtier.

*Chloë.* In sincerity, I thanke her, Sir. You haue a Coach? ha?

*Tibull.* The Princeesse hath sent her owne, Lady. (you not?)

*Chloë.* O *Venus*! that's well: I doe long to ride in a Coach most vehemently.

*Cytheris.* But sweete *Gallus*, pray you, resolue me, why you giue that heauenly praise, to this earthly Banquet?

*Cor. Gallus.* Because (*Cytheris*) it must be celebrated by the heauenly powers: All the *Gods*, and *Goddesses* will be there; to two of which, you two must be exalted.

*Chloë.* A pretty fiction in truth.

*Cytheris.* A fiction indeed *Chloë*, and fit, for the fit of a *Poet*.

*Cor. Gallus.* Why, *Cytheris*, may not *Poets* (from whose diuine spirits, all the honors of the *Gods* haue beene deduc't) in-treat so much honor of the *Gods*, to haue their diuine presence at a *Poëticall* Banquet?

*Cytheris.* Suppose that no fiction: yet, where are your *Habilities* to make vs two *Goddesses*, at your Feast?

*Cor. Gallus.* Who knowes not (*Cytheris*) that the sacred breath of a true *Poet*, can blow any vertuous Humanity, vp to Deity?

*Tibull.* To tell you the femall truth (which is the simple truth) Ladies; and to shew that *Poets* (in spite of the world) are able to Deify them selues: At this Banquet, to which you are inuited, we intend to assume the figures of the *Gods*; and to giue our seuerall Lones the Formes of *Goddesses*. *Ouid*, will be *Jupiter*: the Princeesse *Iulia*, *Iuno*: *Gallus* here *Apollo*; you *Cytheris*, *Pallas*:

## Poetaster.

*Pallas* : I will be *Bacchus*, and my Loue *Plautia*, *Ceres*. And to install you, and your Husband, faire *Chloë*, in honors, equall with ours; you shall be a *Goddeſſe*, and your Husband a *God*.

*Chloë*. A *God*? O my *God*!

*Tibullus*. A *God*; but a lame *God*, Lady: for he shall be *Vulcan*, and you *Venus*. And this will make our Banquet no lesse then heavenly.

*Chloë*. In ſincerity, it will be ſugred. Good *Ioue*, what a pretty foolish thing it is to be a *Poet*! But harke you, ſweete *Cytheris*; could they not poſſibly leaue out my Husband? me thinkes a Bodies Husband do's not ſo well at Court; A bodies Friend, or ſo: But Husband, 'tis like your Clog to your *Marmas*, for all the world, and the heauens.

*Cytheris*. Tut; neuer feare, *Chloë*: your Husband will be left without in the Lobby, or the great Chamber; when you ſhall be put in, i'the Cloſet, by this Lord, and by that Lady.

*Chloë*. Nay, then I am certified: he ſhall goe.

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Horace, Albius, Crispinus, Tucca, Demetrius,  
Gallus, Tibullus, Cytheris, Chloë.*

*Gallus*. *Horace*! Welcom.

*Horace*. Gentlemen, heare you the newes?

*Tibullus*. What newes, my *Quintus*?

*Horace*. Our melancholike Friend, *Propertius*,  
Hath cloſ'd him ſelfe, vp, in his *Cynthias* Tombe;  
And will by no intreaties be drawne thence.

*Albius*. Nay, good Maſter *Crispinus*; Pray you bring neere  
the Gentleman.

*Horace*. *Crispinus*? Hide me, good *Gallus*; *Tibullus* ſhelter

*Crispinus*. Make your approach, ſweete Captaine. (me.

*Tibullus*. What meanes this, *Horace*?

*Horace*. I am ſurpriz'd againe; Farewell.

*Gallus*. Stay, *Horace*.



## Poetaster.

*Horace.* What, and be tir'd on, by yond' Vulture? No:  
*Phœbus* defend me. *Exit.*

*Tibullus.* Slight! I hold my life,  
This same is he met him in *Via sacra.*

*Gallus.* Troth, 'tis like enough. This Act of *Propertius* re-  
lisheth very strange, with me.

*Tucca.* By thy leaue, my neat Scoundrell: what, is this the  
mad Boy you talk't on?

*Crispinus.* I: this is Master *Albius*, Captaine.

*Tucca.* Giue me thy hand, *Agamemnon*; we heare abroad,  
thou art the *Hector* of Citizens: what sayest thou? are we wel-  
come to thee, noble *Pyrrhus*?

*Albius.* Welcome, Captaine? by *Ioue* and all the Gods  
i'the *Capitoll*.

*Tucca.* No more, we conceaue thee. Which of these is thy  
Wedlocke, *Menelaus*? thy *Hellen*? thy *Lucrece*? that we may  
doe her honor; mad Boy?

*Crisp.* She i'the little veluet Cap, Sir; is my Mistres.

*Albius.* For fault of a better, Sir.

*Tucca.* A better, prophane Rascall? I cry thee mercy (my  
good Scroile) was't thou?

*Albius.* No harme, Captaine.

*Tucca.* Shee is a *Venus*, a *Vesta*, a *Melpomene*: Come hi-  
ther *Penelope*; what's thy name, *Iris*?

*Chloë.* My name is *Chloë*, Sir; I am a Gentlewoman.

*Tucca.* Thou art in merit to be an Empreffe (*Chloë*) for an  
Eye, and a Lip; thou hast an Emperors Nose: kisse me againe:  
'tis a vertuous Punque, So. Before *Ioue*, the Gods were a sort of  
Goslinges, when they suffred so sweete a breath, to perfume the  
bed of a stinkard: thou hadst ill fortune, *Thisbe*; the Fates  
were infatuate; they were, Punque; they were. (Sir.

*Chloë.* That's sure, Sir; let me craue your Name, I pray you,

*Tucca.* I am know'n by the Name of Captaine *Tucca*,  
Punque: the noble *Romane*, Punque: a Gent'man, and a Com-  
maunder, Punque.

*Chloë.*

## Poetaster.

*Chloë.* In good time: a Gentleman, and a Commander? that's as good as a Poet?

*Crisp.* A pretty instrument: It's my Cosen Cytheris Viole, this: ist not?

*Cytheris.* Nay, play Cosen; it wants but such a voice, and hand, to grace it, as yours is.

*Crisp.* Alas Cosen, you are merily inspir'd.

*Cytheris.* Pray you play, if you loue me.

*Crisp.* Yes cōsin: you knowe, I doe not hate you.

*Tibull.* A most subtil wench! How she hath bayted him with a Viole yonder, for a songe!

*Crisp.* Cōsin, pray you call Mistresse *Chloë*; she shall heare an Essay of my Poetry.

*Tuc.* Ile call her. Come hither *Cocatrice*: here's one, will set thee vp, my sweet *Panque*; set thee vp.

*Chl.* Are you a Poet, so soone, Sir?

*Alb.* Wife: mum.

### CANTVS.

**L**OVE is blinde, and a manton.

In the whole worlde, there is scant

one such another:

No, not his Mother.

He hath pluckt her Doves, and Sparrowes,

To fether his sharpe Arrows;

And alone preuaileth,

Whilſt sicke Venus waileth.

But if Cypris once recover

The wag; it shall behoue her

To looke better to him:

Or she will undoe him.

*Alb.* O, most odoriferous Musicke!

*Tuc.* A, ha; Stinkard. Another *Orpheus*, you flauie, another



## Poetaster.

*Orpheus*; an *Arion*; riding on the backe of a Dolphin, Ras-  
call.

*Gall.* Haue you a Copie of this Dittie, Sir?

*Crisp.* Master *Albins* ha's.

*Alb.* I, but in trueth, they are my *Wines Verses*; I must not  
shewe 'hem.

*Tuc.* Shewe 'hem Bankrupt, shew 'hem; they haue salt in  
'hem, and will brooke the ayre, Stinkard.

*Gall.* How? to his bright mistresse, *Canidia*?

*Crisp.* I, sir, that's but a borrowed name; as *Ouids Corinna*, or  
*Propertius* his *Cynthia*, or your *Nemesis*, or *Delia*, *Tibullus*.

*Gall.* It's the name of *Horace* his Witch, as I remember.

*Tib.* VVhy? the Ditt's all borrowed; 'tis *Horaces*: hang him  
Plagiary.

*Tuc.* How? he borrowe of *Horace*? he shall pawne himselfe  
to ten Brokers, first. Doe you heare, *Poetasters*? I knowe you  
to be Knights, and men of worshippe. Hee shall write with  
*Horace*, for a *Talent*: and let *Mecænas* and his whole Col-  
ledge of *Critickes* take his part: thou shalt do't young *Phæ-*  
*büs*: thou shalt, *Phaeton*; thou shalt.

*Demet.* Alas, sir, *Horace*? he is a meere sponge; nothing but  
*Humours* and Obseruation; he goes vp and down sucking from  
euery societie; and when he comes home, squeezes himselfe  
dry againe. I knowe him, I.

*Tuc.* Thou sayest true, my poore *Poeticall Furie*, he will pen  
all he knowes. A sharpe thorny-tooth'd *Satyricall Rascall*, flye  
him; He carries Haye in his horne; he will sooner loose his best  
friend, then his least Icast. VVhat he once drops vpon paper, a-  
gainst a man, liues eternally to vpbraide him in the mouth of e-  
uery slaue Tankerd-bearer, or Water-man: not a Baud, or a  
boy that comes from the bake house, but shall point at him:  
'tis all Dogge, and Scorpion; hee carries poyson in his teeth,  
and a sting in his taile; fough, Bodie of *Ioue*! Ile haue the slaue  
whipt one of these daies for his *Satyres*, and his *Humours*, by  
one casheer'd Clarke, or another.

*Crisp.*

## Poëtafter.

*Crisp.* We'll vndertake him, *Captaine.*

*Demet.* I, and tickle him i' faith, for his Arrogancie, and his impudence, in commending his owne thinges: and for his translating: I can trace him i' faith: ô, he is the most open fellowe, liuing; I had as lieue as a newe Suite, I were at it.

*Tuc.* Say no more then, *but doe it:* 'tis the onely way to get thee a newe suite: sting him, my little Neufts; I'le giue you instructions: I'le be your Intelligencer, wee'll all ioyne, and hange vpon him like so many horseleaches: the Players and all. Wee shall suppe together soone; and then weele conspire, i' faith.

*Gall.* O, that *Horace* had stayed still, here.

*Tib.* So would not I: for both these would haue turn'd *Pythagoreans* then.

*Gall.* What, mute?

*Tib.* I, as fishes i' faith: come Ladies, shall wee goe?

*Cyth.* VVee await you, sir. But Mistrresse *Chloë* askes, if you haue not a *God* to spare, for this Gentleman.

*Gall.* VVho, *Captaine Tucca*?

*Cyth.* I; hee.

*Gall.* Yes; if wee can inuite him along, he shall be *Mars*.

*Chloë.* Ha's *Mars* any thing to doe with *Venus*?

*Tibull.* O, most of all, Ladie.

*Chloë.* Nay, then I pray' let him be inuited: and what shall *Crispinus* be?

*Tib.* *Mercury*, Mistrresse *Chloë*.

*Chloë.* *Mercury*? that's a *Poet*? is't?

*Gall.* No Ladie; but somewhat enclining that way: hee is a Herald at Armes.

*Chloë.* A Herald at Armes? good: and *Mercury*? pretty: he ha's to doe with *Venus* too?

*Tibull.* A little, with her face, Ladie; or so.

*Chloë.* 'Tis verie well; pray' let's goe, I long to bee at it.

*Cyth.* Gentlemen, shall wee pray your companies along?



## Poetaster.

*Crisp.* You shall not onely pray, but preuaile, Ladie. Come, sweete Captaine.

*Tuc.* Yes, I follow; but thou must not talke of this now, my little Bankeroupt.

*Alb.* Captaine, looke here: mum.

*Demet.* Ile goe write, sir.

*Tucc.* Doe, doe: stay; there's a *Drachme*, to purchase Ginger-bread, for thy *Muse*. *Exeunt.*

## SCENA QVARTA.

*Lupus, Histrio, Liſtor, Minos, Mecænas, Horace.*

*Lup.* Come, let vs talke here; here wee may be priuate: shut the dore, *Liſtor*. You are a Player, you say.

*Hist.* I, and't please your worſhippe.

*Lup.* Good: and how are you able to giue this intelligence?

*Hist.* Mary Sir, they directed a Letter to mee, and my fellow Sharers.

*Lupus.* Speake lower; you are not now i' your *Theater*, *Stagger*: my sword Knaue. They directed a letter to you, and your fellow-Sharers: forward.

*Hist.* Yes, sir; to hyre some of our Properties; as a *Scepter*, and a *Crowne*, for *Ioue*; and a *Caduceus*, for *Mercury*: and a *Petaſus*—

*Lupus.* *Caduceus*? and *Petaſus*? Let mee see your Letter. This is a *Coniuration*; a Conspiracy, this. Quickly, on with my Buskins: Ile act a *Tragedy*, i' faith. Will nothing but our *Gods*, serue these *Poets* to prophane? *dispatch*. Player, I thanke thee. The Emperour shal take knowledge of thy good seruice. Who's there now? Lookc knaue. A *Crowne*, and a *Scepter*? this is good: Rebellion, now?

*Liſtor.* Tis your *Pothecary*, sir, Master *Minos*.

*Lupus.* VVhat tell'st thou mee of *Pothecaries*, Knaue? Tell him;

## Poëtafter.

him, I haue affaires of *State*, in hand; I can talke to no *Pothecaries*, now. Heart of mee! Stay the *Pothecary* there.

You shall see, I haue fish't out a cunning piece of Plot now; They haue had some intelligēce, that their *Proiect* is discouer'd, and now haue they dealt with my *Pothecary*, to poyson mee; 'tis so; knowing, that I meant to take Physick to day: As sure as Death, 'tis there. *Iupiter*, I thanke thee, that thou hast yet made mee so much of a *Polititian*. You are welcome, sir; Take the potiō frō him there; I haue an *Antidote* more then you wote of, Sir; Throw it on the ground there: So. Now fetch in the Dogge; And yet wee cannot tarry to try Experiments, now: Arrest him, you shall goe with mee, sir; I'll tickle you *Pothecary*; I'll giue you a Glyster, i' faith. Haue I the Letter? I: 'tis here. Come, your *Fasces*, *Lictors*: The halfe pikes, & the Halberds, take them downe from the *Lares*, there; Player, assist mee.

*Meca*. Whether now, *Asinus Lupus*, with this Armory?

*Lup*. I cannot talke now; I charge you assist mee: Treason, Treason,

*Hor*. How? Treason?

*Lup*. I: if you loue the Emperour, and the State, followe me.

*Exeunt*.

## SCENA QVINTA.

*Onid*, *Italia*, *Gallus*, *Cytheris*, *Tibullus*, *Plautia*, *Albins*,  
*Chloë*, *Tucca*, *Crispinus Hermogenes*, *Pyrgus*.

*Onid*. Gods, and goddesses, take your feuerall seates. Now, *Mercury*, mooue your *Caduceus*, and in *Iupiters* name commaunde silence.

*Crisp*. In the name of *Iupiter*; Silence.

*Her*. The Crier of the Court hath too clarified a voice.

*Pall*. Peace *Adonius*.

*Onid*. Oh, he is the god of Reprehension; let him alone. 'Tis

H

his



*Crisp.* You shall not onely pray, but preuaile, Ladie. Come, sweete Captaine.

*Tuc.* Yes, I follow; but thou must not talke of this now, my little Bankeroupt.

*Alb.* Captaine, looke here: mum.

*Demet.* I'll goe write, sir.

*Tucc.* Doe, doe: stay; there's a *Drachme*, to purchase Ginger-bread, for thy *Muse*. *Exeunt.*

## SCENA QVARTA.

*Lupus, Histrio, Licitor, Minos, Mecænas, Horace.*

*Lup.* Come, let vs talke here; here wee may be priuate: shut the dore, *Licitor*. You are a Player, you say.

*Hist.* I, and't please your worshippe.

*Lup.* Good: and how are you able to giue this intelligence?

*Hist.* Mary Sir, they directed a Letter to mee, and my fellow Sharers.

*Lupus.* Speake lower; you are not now i' your *Theater*, *Stager*: my sword Knaue. They directed a letter to you, and your fellow-Sharers: forward.

*Hist.* Yes, sir; to hyre some of our Properties; as a *Scepter*, and a *Crowne*, for *Ioue*; and a *Caduceus*, for *Mercury*: and a *Petasis*—

*Lupus.* *Caduceus*? and *Petasis*? Let mee see your Letter. This is a *Coniuration*; a Conspiracy, this. Quickly, on with my Buskins: Ile act a *Tragedy*, i' faith. Will nothing but our *Gods*, serue these *Poets* to prophane? *dispatch*. Player, I thanke thee. The Emperour shal take knowledge of thy good seruice. Who's there now? Looke knaue. A *Crowne*, and a *Scepter*? this is good: Rebellion, now?

*Licitor.* Tis your *Pothecary*, sir, Master *Minos*.

*Lupus.* VVhat tell'st thou mee of *Pothecaries*, Knaue? Tell him;

## Poëtafter.

him, I haue affaires of *State*, in hand; I can talke to no *Pothecaries*, now. Heart of mee! Stay the *Pothecary* there.

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*Meca*. Whether now, *Asinius Lupus*, with this Armory?

*Lup*. I cannot talke now; I charge you assist mee: Treason, Treason,

*Hor*. How? Treason?

*Lup*. I: if you loue the Emperour, and the State, followe me.

*Exeunt*.

## SCENA QVINTA.

*Onid*, *Julia*, *Gallus*, *Cytheris*, *Tibullus*, *Plautia*, *Albins*,  
*Chloë*, *Tucca*, *Crispinus Hermogenes*, *Pyrgus*.

*Onid*. Gods, and goddesses, take your seuerall seates. Now, *Mercury*, mooue your *Caduceus*, and in *Iupiters* name commaunde silence.

*Crisp*. In the name of *Iupiter*; Silence.

*Her*. The Crier of the Court hath too clarified a voice.

*Pall*. Peace *Adonius*.

*Onid*. Oh, he is the god of Reprehension; let him alone. 'Tis

H

his



his office. *Mercury*, goe forward; and proclaime after *Phœbus*, our high pleasure, to all the Deities that shall partake this high Banquet.

*Crisp.* Yes, Sir.

*Gal.* The great God, *Iupiter*,  
Of his licentious goodnesse,  
VVilling to make this Feast, no Fast  
From any manner of Pleasure;  
Nor to bind any God or Goddesse,  
To be any thing the more God, or Goddesse, for  
He giues them all free Licence, (their names:  
To speak no wiser, then persōs of baser Titles;  
And to be nothing better, then cōmon Men,  
And therefore no God (or VVomen,  
Shal need to keep himself more strictly to his  
Then any man do's to his wife. (Goddesse,  
Nor any Goddesse (her God,  
Shall need to keepe herselfe more strictly to  
Then any woman do's to her Husband.  
But, since it is no part of wisdom,  
In these daies, to come into Bonds;  
It shall be lawfull for euery Louer,  
To breake louing oathes, (thers,  
To change their Louers, & make loue to o-  
As the heate of euery ones Bloode,  
And the spirit of our *Nectar* shall inspire.  
And *Iupiter* saue *Iupiter*.

*Crisp.* The great, &c.

Of his, &c.

VVilling, &c.

From any, &c.

Nor to, &c.

To bee, &c.

He giues, &c.

To speak, &c.

And to, &c.

And ther. &c.

Shal need, &c.

Then any, &c.

Nor any, &c.

Shall need, &c.

Then any, &c.

But, since, &c.

In these.

It shall, &c.

To breake, &c.

To chāge, &c.

As the, &c.

And the, &c.

And *Iupi.* &c.

*Tib.* So : now we may play the Fooles, by Authoritie.

*Herm.* To play the foole by Authoritie, is wisdom.

*Iul.* Away with your Mattery Sentences, *Momus*; they are to graue, and wise, for this meeting.

*Ouid.* *Mercury*, giue our Ieaster a stoole, let him sit by; and reach him of our Cates.

*Tuc.* Do'st heare, Mad *Iupiter*? VVe'll haue it enacted; He, that speaks the first wise word, shall be made Cuckold. VVhat sayst thou?

## Poëtaster.

thou? Is't not a good Motion?

*Ouid.* Deities, are you all agreed?

*Omnes.* Agreed, great *Iupiter*.

*Alb.* I haue read in a Booke, that to play the Foole wisely, is high wifdome.

*Gall.* How now, *Vulcan*! will you be the first Wizard?

*Ouid.* Take his wife, *Mars*; & make him Cuckold, quickly.

*Tucc.* Come, Cocatrice.

*Chl.* No: let me alone with him, *Iupiter*: I'll make you take heede, sir, while you liue againe; if there be twelue in a companie, that you be not the wisest of 'hem.

*Alb.* No more I will not indeede, wife, hereafter; I'll be here: mum.

*Ouid.* Fill vs a bowle of *Nectar*, *Ganymede*: we will drinke to our daughter *Venus*.

*Gall.* Looke to your wife, *Vulcan*: *Iupiter* begins to Court her.

*Tibull.* Nay, let *Mars* looke to it: *Vulcan* must do as *Venus* doe's, beare.

*Tuc.* Sirrah, Boy: Catamite. Looke you play *Ganymede* well now, you flauie: Doe not spill your *Nectar*; Carry your Cuppe euen: so. You should haue rubd your Face, with whites of Egges, you Rascall; till your Browes had shone like our sootie brothers here, as sleeke as a Horne-booke: or ha' steep't your lips in wine, till you made 'hem so Plumpe, that *Iuno* might haue beene Iealous of 'hem. Punque, kisse mee, Punque.

*Ouid.* Here daughter *Venus*, I drinke to thee.

*Chloë* Thank you, good Father *Iupiter*.

*Tucca.* Why, Mother *Iuno*! Gods and Fiends! what, wilt thou suffer this ocular Temptation? (anger.

*Tib.* *Mars* is enrag'd; he lookes bigge, and begins to stut, for Her. VVell plaide, Captaine *Mars*.

*Tuc.* VVell said, Minstrell *Momus*: I must put you in? must I? When will you be in good fooling of your selfe, Fidler? neuer?

*Her.* O, 'tis our fashion, to be silent, when there is a better

*Tuc.* Thank you, Rascall.

(Foole in place, euer.



*Procelaster.*

*Ouid.* Fill to our daughter *Venus*, *Ganymede*; who fills her father with affection.

*Iul.* VVilt thou be raunging, *Iupiter*, before my face?

*Ouid.* VVhy not, *Iuno*? why should *Iupiter*, stand in awe of thy Face, *Iuno*?

*Iul.* Because it is thy wiues Face, *Iupiter*.

*Ouid.* What, shall a Husband be afraid of his wiues Face? will shee paint it so horribly? Wee are a King, *Cotqueane*; and wee will raigne in our pleasures; & we will cudgell thee to death, if thou finde fault with vs.

*Iul.* I will finde fault with thee, King Cuckold-maker: what, shall the King of Gods turne the King of Good fellowes, and haue no Fellow in wickednesse? This makes our *Poëts*, that knowe our Prophanenesse, liue as prophane, as wee: By my God-head, *Iupiter*; I will ioyne with all the other Gods, here; binde thee hand and foote; throwe thee downe into earth; and make a poore *Poët* of thee, if thou abuse me thus.

*Gall.* A good smart-tongu'd Goddess; a right *Iuno*.

*Ouid.* *Iuno*, wee will cudgell thee, *Iuno*: wee tolde thee so yesterday, when thou wert ielbus of vs, for *Thetis*.

*Pyr.* Nay, to day she had me in Inquisition too.

*Tuc.* VVell saide, my fine *Phrygian Fry*, informe, informe. Giue mee some wine, King of *Heralds*; I may drinke to my *Cocatrice*. (By *Styx*, we will.

*Ouid.* No more, *Ganymede*; wee will cudgell thee, *Iuno*.

*Iul.* Its well; Gods may growe impudent in Iniquitie; and they must not be tolde of it.

*Ouid.* Yea, wee will knocke our Chinne against our Brest; and shake thee out of *Olimpus*, into an Oyster-boate, for thy stoulding.

*Iul.* Your Nose is not long enough to doe it, *Iupiter*; if all thy Strumpets, thou hast among the Starres tooke thy part. And there is neuer a Star in thy Forehead, but shall be a Horne, if thou persist to abuse mee.

*Crisp.* A good least, I faith.

*Ouid.*

## Poetaster.

*Onid.* We tell thee, thou angerst vs, *Cotqueane*; and we will thunder thee in peeces, for thy *Cotqueanitie*: we will lay this City desolate, and flat as this hand, for thy offences. These two fingers are the Walls of it; these within, the People; which People, shall be all throwne downe thus, and nothing left standing in this Citty, but these walls.

*Crispinus.* Another good left.

*Albius.* O, my hammer, and my *Cyclops*! this *Boy* fills not wine enough, to make vs kind enough, to one another:

*Tucca.* Nor thou hast not collied thy face enough, *Stinkard*.

*Albius.* Ile ply the table with *Nectar*, and make them friends.

*Hec.* Heauen is like to haue but a lame *Skinker*, then.

*Albius.* "Wine, and good *Liuers*, make true louers: Ile sentence them together. Here Father: here Mother: for shame, drinke your selues drunke, and forget this dissention: you two should cling together, before our faces, and giue vs example of Vnity.

*Gallus.* O, excellently spoken, *Vulcan*, on the sodaine!

*Tibull.* *Iupiter*, may doe well to preferre his Tongue to some office, for his Eloquence.

*Tucca.* His Tongue shall be Gent'man Vsher to his Wit, and still goe before it.

*Alb.* An excellent fit office.

*Crisp.* I, and an excellent good ieast, besides:

*Herm.* What, haue you hired *Mercury*, to cry your ieaftes you make?

*Onid.* *Momus*, you are enuious:

*Tucca.* Why, you whoreson block-head, 'tis your only blocke of witte in fashion (now adaies) to applaud other folkes ieaftes.

*Herm.* True: with those that are not Artificers them selues. *Vulcan*, you nod; and the mirth of the feast droopes.

*Pyrgus.* He ha's fild *Nectar* so long, till his braine swimmes in it.

*Gallus.* What, doe we nod, fellow Gods? sound Musicke,



## Poetaster.

and let vs startle our spirits with a song.

*Tucca.* Doe, *Apollo*: thou art a good *Musitian*.

*Gallus.* What saies *Iupiter*?

*Ouid.* Ha? ha?

*Gallus.* A Song.

*Ouid.* Why, doe, doe, sing:

*Plantia.* *Bacchus*, what say you?

*Tibullus.* *Ceres*?

*Plantia.* But, to this song?

*Tibullus.* Sing, for my part.

*Iulia.* Your belly weighe downe your head, *Bacchus*: here's  
a song toward.

*Tibullus.* Begin, *Vulcan*.

*Albius.* What else? what else?

*Tucca.* Say, *Iupiter*.

*Ouid.* *Mercury*.

*Crispinus.* I, say, say.

## CANTVS.

**VV**AKE; our mirth beginnes to die:

Quicken it with tunes, and wine:

Raise your notes; you're out: fie, fie;

This Drouziness is an ill signe.

We banish him the Queere of Gods,

That droopes agen:

Then all are men,

For here's not one, but nods.

*Ouid.* I like not this sodaine and generall heauinesse, amongst our Godheads: 'Tis somewhat ominous. *Apollo*, Command vs lowder Musicke, and let *Mercury*, and *Momus* contend to please, and reuiue our senses.

## CANTVS.

# Poetaster.

## CANTVS.

*Her.* **T**HEN, in a free and lofty strayne,  
Our brokentunes we thus repaire;

*Cris.* And we answere them againe,  
Running diuision on the panting Ayre:

*Ambo.* To celebrate this Feast of Sense,  
As free from Scandall, as Offense.

*Her.* Here is Beauty, for the Eye;

*Cris.* For the Eare, sweete Melody;

*Her.* Ambrosiack Odours, for the smell;

*Cris.* Delicious Nectar, for the Taste;

*Ambo.* For the Touch, a Ladies Waste;

Which doth all the rest excell.

*Ouid.* I: This hath wak't vs. *Mercury*, our Herald; Goe  
from our selfe the great God *Iupiter*, to the great Emperour,  
*Augustus Caesar*: And command him, from vs (of whose Bounty  
he hath receaued his Sir-name, *Augustus*) that for a Thank-  
offring to our Beneficence, he presently Sacrifice as a Dish to  
this Banquet, his beautifull and wanton Daughter *Julia*: She's  
a curst Queane, tell him; and plaies the scould behind his backe:  
Therefore let her be Sacrific'd. Commaund him this, *Mercury*,  
in our high name of *Iupiter*, *Altiouans*.

*Julia.* Stay, Feather-footed *Mercury*; and tell *Augustus*, from  
vs, the great *Iuno Saturnia*; if he thinke it hard to doe, as *Iu-*  
*piter* hath commanded him, and Sacrifice his Daughter, that  
he had better to doe so tenne times, then suffer her to loue the  
well-nos'd *Poet*, *Ouid*; whom he shall doe well to whip, or cause  
to be whipt, about the *Capitoll*, for soothing her, in her Follies.



SCENA SEXTA.

*Cæsar, Mæcenas, Horace, Lupus, Histrion, Mimos,  
Lictors, Ovid, Gallus, Tibullus, Tucca, Crispinus,  
Albius, Hermogenes, Pyrgus, Julia, Cytheris,  
Plantia, Chloë.*

*Cæsar.* What sight is this? *Mæcenas, Horace,* say;  
Haue we our senses? Doe we heare? and see?  
Or, are these but Imaginary obiects  
Drawne by our Phantasie? Why, speake you not?  
*Let vs doe Sacrifice?* Are they the Gods?  
Reuerence: Amaze: and Fury fight in me.  
What? Doe they kneele? Nay, then I see tis true  
I thought impossible: ô impious sight!  
Let me diuert mine eyes; the very thought  
Euerts my Soule, with Passion: Looke not Man.  
There is a *Panther*, whose vnnaturall eyes  
Will strike thee dead: turne then; and dye on her  
With her owne death.

*Mæcenas, Horace.* What meanes imperiall *Cæsar*?

*Cæsar.* What, would you haue me let the Strumpet liue,  
That, for this Pageaunt, eames so many deathes?

*Tucca.* Boy, flinke Boy.

*Pyrgus.* Pray *Iupiter*, we be not follow'd by the sent, Ma-  
ster.

*Exeunt.*

*Cæsar.* Say, Sir, what are you?

*Albius.* I play *Vulcan*, Sir.

*Cæsar.* But, what are you, Sir?

*Albius.* Your Citizen, and Jeweller, Sir.

*Cæsar.* And what are you, Dame?

*Chloë.* I play *Venus*, forsooth.

*Cæsar.* I aske not, what you play? but, what you are?

*Chloë.* Your Citizen, and Jewellers wife, Sir:

*Cæsar.*

## Poetaster.

*Cesar.* And you, good Sir?

*Crispinus.* Your Gentleman, parcell-Poet, Sir.

*Cesar.* O, that prophaned Name!

And are these seemely company for thee,  
Degenerate Monster? all the rest I know;  
And hate all knowledge, for their hatefull sakes.  
Are you, that first the *Deities* inspir'd  
With skill of their high Natures, and their Powers,  
The first Abusers of their vse-full light;  
Prophaning thus their Dignities, in their formes;  
And making them like you, but counterfeites?  
O, who shall follow *Vertue*, and embrace her,  
When her false bosome is found nought but Aire?  
And yet, of those embraces, *Centaures* spring,  
That warre with humane Peace, and poyson Men.  
Who shall, with greater comforts, comprehend  
Her vnseene being, and her excellence;  
When you, that teach, and should eternize her,  
Liue, as she were no Law vnto your liues:  
Nor liu'd herselfe, but with your idle breathes?  
If you thinke *Gods* but fain'd, and *Vertue* painted,  
Know, we sustaine an actuall residence;  
And, with the Title of an *Emperour*,  
Retaine his spirit, and imperiall power:  
By which (in imposition too remisse,  
Licentious *Nasb*, for thy violent wronge,  
In soothing the declin'd Affections  
Of my base Daughter,) I exile thy feete  
From all approach, to our imperiall Court,  
On paine of death: and thy misgotten Loue  
Commit to patronage of Iron doores;  
Since her soft-harted Sire cannot containe her.

*Mecenas.* O, good my Lord; forgiue: be like the *Gods*:

*Horace.* Let royall Bounty (*Cesar*) mediate.

*Cesar.* There is no Bounty to be shewed to such,



As haue no reall goodnes: Bountie is  
 A spice of *Vertue*: and what vertuous Act  
 Can take effect on them, that haue no power  
 Of equall habitude to apprehend it;  
 But liue in worship of that Idole *Vice*,  
 As if there were no *Vertue*, but in shade  
 Of stronge imagination, meerely enforc't?  
 This shewes, their Knowledge is meere Ignorance;  
 Their farre fetcht Dignity of soule, a Fancy;  
 And all their square pretext of Grauity  
 A meere vaine Glory: hence: away with them,  
 I will preferre for knowledge, none, but such  
 As rule their liues by it, and can becalme  
 All Sea of *Humour*, with the marble trident  
 Of their strong spirits: Others fight below  
 With Gnats, and shadowes; Others nothing know. *Exeunt.*

SCENA SEPTIMA.

*Tucca, Crispinus, Pyrgus, Horace, Mecænas,  
 Lupus, Histrion.*

*Tucca.* What's become of my little Punque, *Venus*; and the  
 poult-foote Stinkard, her Husband? ha?

*Crisp.* O, they are rid home i the Coach, as fast as the  
 wheelles can runne.

*Tucca.* God *Iupiter* is banisht, I heare: and his Cocka-  
 trice, *Inno*, lockt vp: Hart; and and all the *Poetry* in *Parnassus*  
 get me to be a Player againe, I'll sell hem my share for six  
 pence. But this is *Humours*; *Horace*, that Goat-footed enuious  
 Slaue: hee's turn'd fawne now; an *Informer*, the Rogue: 'tis he  
 has betraid vs all; Did you not see him, with the Emperour,  
 crouching?

*Crisp.* Yes.

*Tucca.* Well, follow me. Thou shalt libell, and I'll cudgell  
 the

## Poetaster.

the Rascall. Boy, protide me a Trunchion; Reuenge shall gratulate him, *Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.*

*Pyrgus.* I, but Master; take heed how you giue this out, *Horace* is a Man of the Sword.

*Crisp.* 'Tis true, introth: they say, hee's valliant.

*Tucca.* Valliant? so is mine Arse: Gods, and Fiendes? I'll blow him into aire, when I meete him next: He dares not fight with a puck-fist.

*Pyrgus.* Master, here he comes.

*Tucca.* Where? *Iupiter* saue thee, my good *Poet*; my *Prophet*; my Noble *Horace*. I scorne to beate the Rogue i'the Court; and I saluted him, thus faire, bicause he should suspect nothing, the Rascall; Come: wee'll goe see how forward our Journeyman is toward the vntrusting of him.

*Crisp.* Doe you heare; Captaine? I'll write nothing in it but *Innocence*: because I may sweare I am *Innocent.* *Exeunt.*

*Horace.* Nay, why pursue you not the Emperour for your reward, now; *Lupus?* (band of *Lictors*:

*Mecænas.* Stay, *Asinius*; you, and your Stager, and your I hope your seruice merits more respect, Then thus, without a thanks, to be sent hence?

*Histrion.* Well, well, ieast on, ieast on.

*Horace.* Thou base vnworthy Groome. (*Lupus.*) I'tis good. Was this the Treason? this, the dangerous plot, Thy clamorous tongue so bellowed through the Court? Hadst thou no other Proiect to encrease Thy Grace with *Cesar*, but this Wooluish traine; To pray vpon the life of innocent Mirth, And harmelesse pleasures, bred, of noble wit? Away: I loath thy presence: Such as thou, They are the Moathes, and Scarabbes of a State; The Bane of *Kingdomes*; and the dregges of *Courts*: Who (to endeer themselues to any 'mploiment) Care not, whose fame they blast; whose life they endanger: And vnder a disguis'd, and cobweb Masque



## Postaster.

Of loue, vnto their *Soueraigne*, vomit forth  
Their owne prodigious malice; and pretending  
To be the Props, and Columnnes of his safety,  
The Guardes vnto his Person, and his Peace,  
Disturbe it most, with their false *Lapwing* cries.

*Lupus*. Good, *Cesar* shall know of this; belecue it. *Exeunt.*

*Mecænas*. *Cesar* doth know it (*Wolfe*) and to his know-  
He will (I hope) reward your base Endeouours. (ledge,

“ Princes that will but heare, or giue access

“ To such officious Spies, can nere be safe:

“ They take in poyson, with an open Eare,

“ And free from *Danger*, become slaues to *Feare*. *Exeunt.*

## SCENA OCTAVA.

*Ouid.*

*Ouid*. Banisht the Court? Let me be banisht life;

Since the chiefe end of Life is there concluded:

Within the Court, is all the Kingdome bounded;

And as her sacred Spheare doth comprehend

Ten thousand times so much, as so much Place

In any part of all the Empire else;

So euery Body, moouing in her Spheare,

Containes ten thousand times asmuch in him,

As any other, her choice Orbe excludes.

As in a circle, a *Magitian*, then

Is safe, against the Spirit, he excites;

But out of it, is subiect to his rage,

And looseth all the vertue of his Art:

So I, exil'd the circle of the Court,

Loose all the good gifts, that in it I ioy'd.

“ No Vertue currant is, but with her stamp:

“ Nor no Vice vitious, blaunch't with her white hand.

The Court's the Abstract of all *Romes* desert;

And my deare *Inlia*, the Abstract of the Court.

Me

## Poetaster.

Mee thinkes, now I come neare her, I respire  
Some aire, of that late comfort, I receau'd.  
And while the Euenings, with her modest vaile,  
Giues leaue to such poore Shadowes as my selfe,  
To steale abroad; I, like a hart-lesse Ghost,  
Without the liuing Bodie of my Loue,  
Will here walke, and attend her: For I knowe,  
Not farre from hence, she is imprisoned,  
And hopes, of her strict Guardian, to bribe  
So much admittance, as to speake to mee,  
And cheere my fainting spirits, with her breath.

## SCENA NONA.

*Julia, Ouid.*

*Jul.* Ouid? my Loue?

*Ouid.* Here, heavenly *Julia*.

*Jul.* Here? and not here? O, how that worde doth play  
VVith both our Fortunes, differing, like our selues,  
Both one; and yet diuided, as oppos'd?  
I High, thou Lowe: ô, this our plight of Place  
Doubly presents the two lets of our Loue,  
Locall and ceremoniall Height, and Lownesse:  
Both waies, I am too high; and thou, too lowe.  
Our Mindes are euen, yet: ô, why should our Bodies,  
That are their slaues, be so without their rule?  
Ile cast my selfe downe to thee; If I die,  
Ile euer liue with thee: no height of Birth,  
Of Place, of Dutie, or of cruell Power,  
Shall keepe mee from thee; should my Father locke  
This bodie vp within a Tombe of Brasse,  
Yet Ile be with thee: If the Formes, I holde  
Now in my Soule, be made one substance with it;



That Soule immortall; and the same 'tis now:  
Death cannot raze th' affectes, she now retaineth:  
And then, may shee be any where she will.

The soules of Parents rule not Childrens soules,  
VVhen Death sets both in their dissolu'd estates:  
Then is no Childe, nor Father: then Eternitie  
Frees all, from any temporall respect.

I come, my *Ouid*; take me in thine armes:  
And let me breath my soule into thy breast.

*Ouid*. O, stay my Loue: the hopes thou do'st conceiue  
Of thy quicke Death, and of thy future Life,  
Are not *autenticall*. Thou chooseth Death,  
So thou might'st ioy thy Loue, in th' other Life.  
But knowe (my princely Loue) when thou art dead,  
Thou onely must suruiue in perfect soule;  
And in the soule, are no Affections:

We poure out our Affections with our Bloode;  
And with our Bloods affections; fade our Loues.

"No life hath Loue in such sweete state, as this;

"No *Essence* is so deare to moodie *Sense*,

"As Flesh, and Bloode; whose *Quintessence* is *Sense*.

"Beautie, composd of Blood, and Flesh, moues more,

"And is more plausible to Blood, and Flesh:

"Then Spirituall Beautie can be to the *Spirit*.

Such Apprehension, as wee haue in Dreames

(VVhen Sleepe, the bond of *Senses*, locks them vp)

Such shall we haue, when Death destroyes them quite.

If Loue be then thy Object, change not life,

Liue high, and happie still: I still belowe,

Close with my Fortunes, in thy height, shall ioy.

*Iul*. Ay me, that *Vertue*, whose braue Eagles winges  
VVith euery stroake, blowe Starres, in burning Heauen;  
Should like a Swallowe (praying toward stormes)  
Fly close to earth: and with an eager plume  
Pursue those Objectes, which none els can see,

## Poëtafter.

But seeme to all the world, the emptie Aire.  
Thus thou (poore *Ouid*) and all vertuous men  
Must pray like Swallowes, on inuisible foode;  
Pursuing Flies, or nothing: and thus Loue,  
And euery worldly Fancie, is transpos'd,  
By worldly Tyranny, to what plight it list.  
O, Father; since thou gau'st me not my Minde,  
Striue not to rule it: Take, but what thou gau'st  
To thy disposure, thy Affections  
Rule not in me; I must beare all my griefes,  
Let me vse all my pleasures: "Vertuous Loue  
Was neuer scandall to a *Goddesse* state.  
But hee's inflexible; and, my deare Loue,  
Thy life may chance be shortned, by the length  
Of my vnwilling speeches to depart.  
Farewell, sweete Life: though thou be yet exil'd;  
Th'officious Court, enjoy mee amply still:  
My Soule, in this my breath, enters thine Eares,  
And on this Turrets Floor, will I lye deade,  
Till wee may meete againe; in this proud Height,  
I kneele beneath thee in my prostrate Loue,  
And kisse the happie sands, that kisse thy feete.  
"Great *Ioue* submits a Scepter, to a Cell;  
"And Louers, ere they part, will meete in Hell.  
*Ouid*. Farewell all companie; and if I could  
All light with thee: Helles shade should hide my browes,  
Till thy deare Beauties beames redeem'd my vowes.

*Iul.* *Ouid*; my Loue: alas, may we not stay  
A little longer (think'st thou) vnder scern'd?

*Ouid*. For thine owne good, faire *Goddesse*, doe not stay:  
VWho would ingage a Firmament of fires  
Shining in thee, for me, a falling Starre?  
Be gon, sweete Life-bloode: if I should descerne  
Thy selfe but toucht, for my sake, I should die.

*Iul.* I will be gone then; and not Heauen it selfe,



Shall drawe me backe.

*Ouid.* Yet *Julia*, if thou wilt,  
A little longer stay.

*Iul.* I am content.

*Ouid.* O mightie *Ouid*! what the sway of Heauen  
Could not retire, my breath hath turned back.

*Iul.* Who shall goe first, my Loue? my passionate Eyes  
VVill not endure to see thee turne from mee.

*Ouid.* If thou goe first, my soule will follow thee.

*Iul.* Then wee must stay.

*Ouid.* Aye me; there is no stay.

In amorous pleasures: if both stay, both die.

I heare thy father; hence my *Deities*. *Exit Iul.*

Feare forgeth soundes in my deluded eares;

I did not heare him: I am mad with Love.

There is no Spirit, vnder heauen, that workes

VVith such illusion; yet such witchcraft kill mee,

Ere a sound minde, without it, saue my life.

Here, on my knees, I worshippe the blest Place

That held my *Goddesse*; and the louing Aire,

That clos'd her bodie in his filken armes:

Vaine *Ouid*; kneele not to the Place, nor Ayre;

Shee's in thy hart: Rise then, and worshippe there.

"The truest wisdom fillie men can haue,

"Is dotage, on the follies of their flesh.

*Finis Actus Quarti.*

## ACTVS QVINTVS.

### SCENA PRIMA.

*Cesar, Mecenas, Pallus, Tibullus, Horace, Equites Ro.*

*Ces.* **VV**E, that haue cōquer'd stil, to saue the cōquer'd  
And lou'd to make inflictions feard, not felt;  
Grieu'd to reprove, and ioyfull to reward,

More

## Poëtafter.

More proud of Reconcilement, then Reuenge,  
Resume into the late state of our Loue,  
VVorthy *Cornelius Gallus*, and *Tibullus*:  
You both are Knights; and you, *Cornelius*,  
A Souldier of Renowne; and the first *Prouost*,  
That euer let our *Romane Eagles* fly  
On swarthy *Egypt*, quarried with her spoyles.  
Yet (not to beare colde Formes, nor mens out-termes,  
Without the inward fires, and Liues of men)  
You both haue Vertues, shining through your Shapes;  
To shewe, your *Titles* are not writ on Postes,  
Or hollow Statues, which the best men are,  
Without *Promethean* stuffings reacht from Heauen.  
Sweete *Poësies* sacred Gyrlands crowne your *Knighthoodes*:  
VVhich is, of all the Faculties on Earth,  
The most abstract, and perfect; if shee be  
True borne, and nurst with all the Sciences;  
She can so mould *Rome*, and her *Monuments*,  
Within the liquid Marble of her Lines,  
That they shall stand fresh, and miraculous,  
Euen, when they mixe with innouating dust:  
In her sweete streames shall our braue *Romane Spirits*  
Chace, and swimme after Death, with their choysedeedes  
Shining on their white shoulders; and therein  
Shall *Tyber*, and our famous Riuers fall  
With such attraction, that th'ambitious Line  
Of the round World shall to her Center shrink,  
To heare their Musicke: And for these high Parts,  
*Cesar* shall reuerence the *Pierian Artes*.

*Mecæ*. Your Maiesties high Grace to *Poësie*,  
Shall stand 'gainst all the dull detractions  
Of leaden Soules; who (for the vaine assumings  
Of some, quite worthlesse of her soueraigne wreaths)  
Conteine her worthiest *Prophets* in contempt.

*Gal*. Happie is *Rome* of all Earths other States,

K

To



## Poetaster.

To haue so true, and great a president,  
For her inferiour spirits to imitate,  
As *Cesar* is; who addeth to the Sunne,  
Influence, and lustre; in encreasing thus  
His inspirations, kindling fire in vs.

*Hor. Phæbus* himselfe shall kneele at *Cesars* Shrine,  
And deck it with Bay Gyrlands deaw'd with VVine,  
To quite the worship *Cesar* does to him:  
Where other Princes, hoysted to their thrones  
By Fortunes passionate and disordered power,  
Sit in their height, like Clouds, before the Sunne,  
Hindring his comforts; and (by their excesse  
Of cold in Vertue, and crosse heate in Vice)  
Thunder and tempest, on those learned heads,  
VVhom *Cesar* with such Honour doth aduance.

*Tibul.* All humane businesse, Fortune doth command  
Without all order; and with her blinde hand,  
Shee, blinde, bestowes blinde gifts; that still haue must  
They see not who, nor how, but still, the worst.

*Cesar.* *Cesar*, for his Rule, and for so much stufte  
As Fortune puts in his hand, shall dispose it  
(As if his Hand had eyes, and soule, in it)  
VVith worth and iudgement. "Hands, that part with gifts,  
" Or will restraîne their vse, without desert;  
" Or with a misery, numm'd to Vertues right,  
" Worke, as they had no Soule to-gouerne them,  
" And quite reiect her; feuering their Estates  
" From humane order. VVhosoeuer can,  
" And will not cherish Vertue, is no man.

*Eques. Virgill* is now at hand; imperiall *Cesar*.

*Cesar.* *Romes* Honour is at hand then. Fetch a chaire,  
And set it on our right hand; where 'tis fit,  
*Romes* Honour, and our owne, shouldeuer sit.  
Now he is come out of *Campania*,  
I doubt not he hath finisht all his *AEneids*,

Which

Which, like another Soule, I long t' enioy.  
 VVhat thinke you three, of *Virgill*, Gentlemen,  
 (That are of his profession, though rankt higher)  
 Or *Horace*, what saist thou, that art the poorest,  
 And likeliest to enuye, or to detract?

*Hor. Caesar* speakes after common men, in this,  
 To make a difference of me, for my poorenesse:  
 As if the filth of Pouertie sunke as deepe  
 Into a knowing spirit, as the Bane  
 Of riches doth, into an ignorant soule.  
 No *Caesar*; they be path-lesse, moorish minds,  
 That being once made rotten with the dung  
 Of damned Riches, euer after sinke  
 Beneath the steppes of any Villany.  
 But Knowledge is the *Nectar*, that keepes sweete  
 A perfect Soule euen in this Graue of sinne;  
 And for my Soule, it is as free, as *Caesars*:  
 For, what I knowe is due, I'll giue to all.

" He that detracts, or enuies vertuous Merit,  
 " Is still the couetous, and the ignorant spirit.

*Caesar*. Thanks *Horace*, for thy free, and holosome sharpnesse:  
 Which pleaseth *Caesar* more, then seruile fawnes.

" A flatterd Prince soone turnes the Prince of Fooles.  
 And for thy sake, wee'll put no difference more  
 Twixt Knights, and Knightly spirits, for being poore.  
 Say then, lou'd *Horace*, thy true thought of *Virgill*.

*Hor.* I iudge him of a rectified spirit,  
 By many reuolutions of discourse  
 (In his bright reasons influence) refin'd  
 From all the tartarous Moodes of common Men;  
 Bearing the Nature, and similitude  
 Of a right heauenly Bodie; most seuer  
 In fashion, and collection of himselfe;  
 And then as cleare, and confident, as *Ioue*:

*Gal.* And yet so chaste, and tender is his Eare,



*Poetaster.*

In suffering in any Syllable to passe,  
That, he thinkes, may become the honour'd name  
Of Issue to his so examin'd selfe;  
That all the lasting fruites of his full merit  
In his owne *Poemes*, he doth still distaste:  
As if his mindes Peece, which he stroue to paint,  
Could not with fleshly Pensils haue her right.

*Tibul.* But, to approue his workes of Soueraigne worth,  
This Obseruation (me thinkes) more then serues:  
And is not vulgar. That, which hee hath writ,  
Is with such iudgement, labour'd, and distill'd  
Through all the needfull vses of our liues,  
That could a man remember but his Lines,  
He should not touch at any serious point,  
But he might breath his spirit out of him.

*Cesar.* You meane, he might repeat part of his workes,  
As fit for any conference, he can vse?

*Tib.* Trew, Royall *Cesar.*

*Cesar.* 'Tis worthily obseru'd:  
And a most worthie vertue in his workes.  
VVhat thinks, *Materiall Horace*, of his learning?

*Hor.* His Learning labours not the Schoole-like *Glosse*,  
That most consists in *Ecchoing* VVordes, and *Termes*,  
And soonest wins a man an Empty name;  
Nor any long, or far-fetcht Circumstance,  
VVrapt in the curious General'ties of *Artes*:  
But a direct, and *Analyticke* Summe  
Of all the worth and first effectes of *Artes*.  
And for his *Poesie*, 'tis so ramm'd with Life,  
That it shall gather strength of Life, with being;  
And liue hereafter, more admir'd, then now.

*Cesar.* This one consent, in all your doomes of him,  
And mutuall Loues of all your seuerall merits,  
Argues a truth of merit in you all.

SCENA

# Poëtafter.

## SCENA SECVNDA.

*Cesar, Virgill, Mecœnas, Gallus, Tibullus,  
Horace, Equites Ro.*

*Cesar.* See, here comes *Virgill*; we will rise and greet him:  
Welcome to *Cesar, Virgill*. *Cesar*, and *Virgill*  
Shall differ but in sound; to *Cesar, Virgill*  
(Of his exprest Greatnesse) shall be made  
A second Sir-name; and to *Virgill, Cesar*.  
Where are thy Famous *AEneids*? doe vs grace  
To let vs see, and surfet on their sight.

*Virgill.* Worthlesse they are of *Cesars* gracious Eyes,  
If they were perfect; much more, with their wants;  
Which yet are more, then my Time could supply:  
And, could great *Cesars* expectation  
Be satisfied with any other seruice,  
I would not shew them.

*Cesar.* *Virgill* is too modest;  
Or seekes, in vaine, to make our longings more.  
Shew them, sweete *Virgill*.

*Virgill.* Then, in such due feare,  
As fits Presenters of great works, to *Cesar*,  
I humbly shew them:

*Cesar.* Let vs now behold  
A humane Soule made visible in life;  
And more refulgent in a senselesse paper,  
Then in the sensuall Complement of Kings.  
Read, read, thy selfe, deare *Virgill*, let not me  
Prophane one accent, with an vntun'd tongue:  
"Best matter, badly shewne, shewes worle, then bad.  
See then, this Chayre, of Purpose set for thee  
To reade thy *Poeme* in: Refuse it not.

"Vertue, without presumption, place may take  
"Aboue best Kings, whom onely she should make.



*Postaster.*

In suffering in any Syllable to passe,  
That, he thinkes, may become the honour'd name  
Of Issue to his so examin'd selfe;  
That all the lasting fruites of his full merit  
In his owne *Poemes*, he doth still distaste:  
As if his mindes Peece, which he stroue to paint,  
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Nor any long, or far-fetcht Circumstance,  
VVrapt in the curious Generalties of *Artes*:  
But a direct, and *Analyticke* Summe  
Of all the worth and first effectes of *Artes*.  
And for his *Paësie*, 'tis so ramm'd with Life,  
That it shall gather strength of Life, with beings;  
And liue hereafter, more admir'd, then now.

*Cesar.* This one consent, in all your doomes of him,  
And mutuall Loues of all your seuerall merits,  
Argues a truth of merit in you all.

SCENA

# Poëtaster.

## SCENA SECVNDA.

*Cesar, Virgill, Mecœnas, Gallus, Tibullus,  
Horace, Equites Ro.*

*Cesar.* See, here comes *Virgill*; we will rise and greet him:  
Welcome to *Cesar, Virgill. Cesar, and Virgill*  
Shall differ but in sound; to *Cesar, Virgill*  
(Of his expressed Greatnesse) shall be made  
A second Sir-name; and to *Virgill, Cesar.*  
Where are thy Famous *AEneids*? doe vs grace  
To let vs see, and surfet on their sight.

*Virgill.* Worthlesse they are of *Cesars* gracious Eyes,  
If they were perfect; much more, with their wants;  
Which yet are more, then my Time could supply:  
And, could great *Cesars* expectation  
Be satisfied with any other seruice,  
I would not shew them.

*Cesar.* *Virgill* is too modest;  
Or seekes, in vaine, to make our longings more.  
Shew them, sweete *Virgill.*

*Virgill.* Then, in such due feare,  
As fits Presenters of great works, to *Cesar*,  
I humbly shew them:

*Cesar.* Let vs now behold  
A humane Soule made visible in life;  
And more refulgent in a senselesse paper,  
Then in the sensuall Complement of Kings.  
Read, read, thy selfe, deare *Virgill*, let not me  
Prophane one accent, with an vntun'd tongue:  
"Best matter, badly showne, shewes worke, then bad.  
See then, this Chayre, of Purpose set for thee  
To reade thy *Poeme* in: Refuse it not.

"Vertue, without presumption, place may take  
"Aboue best Kings, whom onely she should make.



## Poetaster.

*Virgill.* It will be thought a thing ridiculous  
To present Eyes, and to all future times  
A grosse vntruth; that any *Poet* (void  
Of Birth, or wealth, or Temporall dignity)  
Should, with *decorum*, transcend *Casars* Chayre.

"Poore *Vertue* rais'd, high birth and wealth set vnder,  
"Crosseth Heauens courses, and makes worldlings wonder.

*Cesar.* The course of Heauen, and Fate it selfe, in this  
Will *Cesar* crosse; much more all worldly Custome.

*Horace.* "Custome, in course of Honour, euer erres:

"And they are best, whom Fortune least preferres.

*Cesar.* *Horace* hath (but more strictly) spoke our thoughts,  
The vast rude wing of generall Confluence  
Is, in particular ends, exempt from sense:

And therefore Reason (which in right should be  
The speciall Rector of all *Harmony*)

Shall shew we are a man, distinct by it,  
From those that Custome rapteth in her preasse.

Ascend then *Virgill*: and where first by Chaunce  
We here haue turn'd thy Booke, doe thou first read.

*Virgill.* Great *Cesar* hath his will: I will ascend.

'Twere simple iniury to his free hand,  
That sweeps the Cobwebs, from vnus'd Vertue,  
And makes her shine proportiond, to her worth,  
To be more nice to entertaine his Grace;  
Then he is choise, and liberall to afford it.

*Cesar.* Gentlemen of our Chamber, guard the Doores,  
And let none enter. Peace. Beginne, good *Virgill*.

Vir. lib. 4.  
Æneid.

*Virgill.* Meane while, the Skies gan thunder; and in tayle  
Of that, fell pouring stormes of sleet, and hayle:

\* Iulus.

The Tyrian Lords, and Trojan youth, each where

With Venus Dardane \* Nephew, now, in feare

Seeke out for seuerall shelter through the Plaine;

Whilst Flouds come rowling from the Hills amaine.

\* Æneas.

Dido a Case, The Trojan \* Prince the same

Lighted

# Poëtafter.

Lighted upon; There, Earth, and Heauens great \* Dame  
That hath the charge of Mariage, first gaue signe  
Vnto this Contract; Fier, and Ayre did skine,  
As guilty of the Match; and from the Hill,  
The Nymphes, with shriekings, doe the Region fill.  
Here first began their Bane; This Day was ground  
Of all their Ills: For now, nor Rumours sound,  
Nor nice respect of State mooues Dido ought;  
Her Loue, no longer now, by stealth is sought:  
She calls this Wedlocke, and with that faure Name  
Couers her fault. Forthwith the Bruit, and Fame,  
Through all the greatest Lybian Townes, is gone;  
Fame, a flete Euill, then which is swifter none:  
That moouing growes, and flying gathers strength;  
Little at first, and fearefull; but at length  
She dares attempt the Skies, and stalking proud  
With feete on Ground, her Head doth pearce a Cloud.  
This Child, our Parent Earth, stir'd up with spight  
Of all the Gods, brought foorth; and, as some wright,  
She was last sister of that Giant \* Race  
That thought to scale Ioues Court; right swift of Pase,  
And swifter, far, of Wing. A Monster vast,  
And dreadfull: Looke, how many Plumes are plac'd  
On her huge Corps, so many waking Eyes  
Sticke vnderneath: and (which may stranger rise  
In the Report) as many Tongues she beares,  
As many Mouthes, as many listning Eares.  
Nightly, in midst of all the Heauen, she flies,  
And through the Earths darke shadow, shrieking, cries;  
Nor doe her Eyes once bend, to tast sweete sleepe:  
By Day, on tops of Houses, she doth keepe,  
Or on high Towers; and doth thence affright  
Cities, and Townes of most conspicuous site;  
As couetous she is of Tales, and Lies,  
As prodigall of Truth: This Monster, &c.

\*Iuno.

\*Cerus,  
Encela-  
dus, &c.



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And dreadfull: Looke, how many Plumes are plac'd  
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\* Cerus,  
Encela-  
dus, &c.



SCENA TERTIA.

*Lupus, Tucca, Crispinus, Demetrius, Histrio,  
Lictors, Caesar, Virgill, Mecænas, Gallus,  
Tibullus, Horace, Equites Ro.*

*Lupus.* Come, follow me, assist me, second me: where's the Emperour?

*Eques 1.* Sir, you must pardon vs.

*Eques 2.* *Caesar* is priuate now, you may not enter.

*Tucca.* Not Enter? Charge 'hem, vpon their Allegiance, Cropshin.

*Eques 1.* We haue a charge to the contrary, Sir.

*Lupus.* I pronounce you all Traytors, horrible Traytors: What? Doe you know my Affaires?

I haue Matter of danger, and state, to impart to *Caesar*.

*Caesar.* What, noyse is there? who's that, names *Caesar*?

*Lupus.* A Friend to *Caesar*. One that for *Caesar*'s good would speake with *Caesar*.

*Caesar.* Who is't? looke, *Cornelius*.

*Eques 1.* *Asinius Lupus*.

*Caesar.* O, bid the turbulent Informer hence;  
We haue no vacant Eare, now, to receiue  
The vnseasond fruits of his officious tongue.

*Mecænas.* You must auoid him there.

*Lupus.* I coniure thee; as thou art *Caesar*, or respect'st thine owne safety; or the safety of the state, *Caesar*: Heare me, speake with me, *Caesar*: 'tis no common busines, I come about; but such as, being neglected, may concerne the life of *Caesar*.

*Caesar.* The life of *Caesar*? Let him Enter. *Virgill*, keepe thy Seate.

*Equites.* Beare backe there: whether will you? keepe backe.

*Tuc.* By thy leaue good man *Vsher*: mend thy Periwig, so.

*Lupus.*

## Poëtaster.

*Lupus.* Lay hold on *Horace* there; and on *Mecænas*, *Lic-tors*. *Romanes*, offer no rescue, vpon your Allegiance: Read roy-all *Cesar*; Ile tickle you, *Satyre*.

*Tucca.* He will, *Humors*, he will: He will squeeze you, *Poet* Puckfist.

*Lupus.* Ile Lop you off, for an vnprofitable braunch, you *Satyricall* Varlet.

*Tucca.* I, and *Epaminondas* your Patron, here, with his flaggon Chayne; Come, resigne: Though 'twere your great Graund-fathers, the Law ha's made it mine now, Sir. Looke to him, my party-colour'd Rascalls; Looke to him.

*Cesar.* What is this, *Asinius Lupus*? I vnderstand it not.

*Lupus.* Not vnderstand it? A Libell, *Cesar*. A dangerous, seditious Libell. A Libell in Picture.

*Cesar.* A Libell?

*Lupus.* I, I found it in this *Horace* his study; in *Mecænas* his house, here; I challenge the penalty of the Lawes against 'hem.

*Tucca.* I, and remember to begge their Land betimes; before some of these hungry Court-hounds sent it out.

*Cesar.* Shew it to *Horace*: Aske him, if he know it.

*Lupus.* Know it? His hand is at it, *Cesar*.

*Cesar.* Then 'tis no Libell.

*Horace.* It is the imperfect Body of an *Embleme*, *Cesar*, I began for *Mecænas*.

*Lupus.* An *Embleme*? right: That's *Greeke* for a Libell. Doe but marke, how Confident he is.

*Horace.* A Iust man cannot feare, thou foolish *Tribune*; Not, though the Malice of traducing Tongues,  
The open vastnesse of a Tyrants Eare,  
The senselesse Rigor of the wrested Lawes,  
Or the red Eyes of strain'd Authority  
Should, in a point, meete all to take his life:  
His Innocence is Armour 'gainst all these.

L

*Lupus.*



## Poetaster.

*Lupus.* Innocence? ô Impudence! Let me see, Let me see.  
Is not here an *Eagle*? And is not that *Eagle* meant by *Cesar*?  
ha? Do's not *Cesar* giue the *Eagle*? Answer me; what sayst  
thou?

*Tucca.* Hast thou any Euation, Stinkard?

*Lupus.* Now hee's turn'd dumbe. Ile tickle you, *Satyre.*

*Horace.* Pish. Ha, ha:

*Lupus.* Dost thou pish me? Giue me my Long sword.

*Horace.* With reuerence to great *Cesar*, worthy *Romanes*,  
Obserue but this ridiculous Commenter:

The Soule to my *Denise*, was in this *Distich.*

*Thus, oft, the base and rauenous multitude*

*Survive, to share the spoyle of Fortitude:*

Which in this Body, I haue figur'd here;

A *V V L T V R E*---

*Lupus.* A *Vulture*? I; now, 'tis a *Vulture*. O, abhominable!  
Monstrous! Monstrous! ha's not your *Vulture* a Beake?  
ha's it not Legges? and Tallons? and Wings? and Fethers?

*Tucca.* Touch him, old *Buskins.*

*Horace.* And therefore must it be an *Eagle*?

*Mecænas.* Respect him not, good *Horace*: Say your *Denise.*

*Horace.* A *V V L T V R E* and a *W O L F E*---

*Lupus.* A *Wolfe*? Good. That's I; I am the *Wolfe*: My  
name's *Lupus*; I am meant by the *Wolfe*. On, on; A *Vulture*,  
and a *Wolfe*---

*Horace.* Praying vpon the Carcasse of an *A S S E*---

*Lupus.* An *Asse*? Good still: That's I, too. I am the *Asse*.  
You meane me by the *Asse*.

*Mecænas.* Pray thee, leaue braying then.

*Horace.* If you will needs take it, I cannot with Modestie  
giue it from you.

*Mecænas.* But, by that Beast, the old *AEgyptians*  
Were wont to Figure in their *Hieroglyphicks*,  
*Patience, Frugality, and Fortitude;*

For

## Poëtafter.

For none of which, we can suspect you, *Tribune*.

*Cesar*. Who was it, *Lupus*, that inform'd you first,  
This should be meant by vs? or was't your *Comment*?

*Lupus*. No, *Cesar*: A Player gaue me the first light of it,  
indeede.

*Tucca*. I, an honest Sycophant-like Slaue, and a *Politician*,  
besides.

*Cesar*. Where is that Player?

*Tucca*. He is without, here.

*Cesar*. Call him in.

*Tucca*. Call in the Player, there; Master *AEsop*, call him.

*Equites*. Player? where is the Player? Beare backe; None,  
but the Player, enter.

*Tucca*. Yes: this Gent'man, and his *Achates* must.

*Crisp*. Pray you, Master *Vsher*; wee'll stand close, here.

*Tucca*. Tis a Gent'man of Qualitie, this; though he be  
somewhat out of Clothes, I tell yee. Come *AEsop*: hast a  
Bay leafe i'thy mouth? Well said; be not out, Stinkard, Thou  
shalt haue a *Monopoly* of playing, confirm'd to thee and thy  
Couey, vnder the Emperours broad Scale, for this seruice.

*Cesar*. Is this he?

*Lupus*. I, *Cesar*: this is he.

*Cesar*. Let him be whipt. *Lictors*, Goe, take him hence. V  
And *Lupus*, for your fierce Credulity,  
One fit him with a paire of larger Eares:  
Tis *Cesars* Doome, and must not be reuok'd  
VVe hate, to haue our *Court*, and Peace disturb'd  
VVith these quotidian Clamours. See it done.

*Lupus*. *Cesar*.

*Cesar*. Gag him, we may haue his silence.

*Virgill*. *Cesar* hath done like *Cesar*. Fayre, and Iust  
Is his Award, against these brainelesse Creatures.  
Tis not the wholsome sharpe *Morality*,  
Or modest anger of a *Satyricke* Spirit,  
That hurts, or wounds the body of a State;



## Poetaster.

But the sinister Application  
Of the malicious, ignorant, and base  
Interpreter; who will distort, and straine  
The generall *Scope* and purpose of an *Author*,  
To his particular, and priuate spleene.

*Cesar*. VVe knowe it, our deare *Virgill*; and esteeme it  
A most dishonest practise, in that man,  
Will seeme too wittie in anothers worke.  
What would *Cornelius Gallus*, and *Tibullus*?

*Tuc*. Nay, but as thou art a man, do'st heare? a man of wor-  
shippe; and honorable: Hold, here, take thy chaine againe:  
Resume, mad *Mecænas*. What? do'st thou thinke, I meant  
t'haue kept it, *old Boy*? No; I did it but to fright thee, I: to try  
how thou would'st take it. What? will I turne Sharke, vpon my  
Friends? or my friends Friends? I scorn it with my three Soules.  
Come; I loue Bully *Horace*, as well as thou do'st, I: 'tis an ho-  
nest *Hieroglyphick*. Giue me thy wrist *Helicon*. Do'st thou  
thinke, I'll second ere a *Rhinoceros* of them all, against thee?  
ha? or thy noble *Hippocrene*, here? I'll turne Stager first, and  
be whipt too; do'st thou see, Bully?

*Cesar*. You haue your will of *Cesar*; vse it *Romanes*.  
*Virgill* shall be your *Pretor*; and our selfe  
VWill here sit by, *Spectator* of your sports;  
And thinke it no impeach of Royalty.  
Our Eare is now too much prophand (Graue *Mara*)  
VWith these distasts, to take thy sacred Lines:  
Put vp thy Booke, till both the Time and wee  
Be fitted with more hallowed circumstance  
For the receiuing so diuine a Labour.  
Procede with your desseigne.

*Mecæ. Gall. Tib.* Thanks to great *Cesar*.

*Gall. Tibullus*, drawe you the Inditement then, whilst *Ho-  
race* arrests them, on the Statute of *Calumny*: *Mecænas*, and I  
will take our places here; *Lictors*, assist him.

*Hor.*

## Poëtaster.

*Horace.* I am the worst Accuser, vnder Heauen.

*Gallus.* Tut, you must do't: 'Twill be noble Mirth.

*Horace.* I take no knowledge, that they doe maligne me.

*Tibullus.* I, but the world takes knowledge.

*Horace.* 'Would the World knew  
How hartily I wish, A Foole should hate me.

*Tucca.* Body of *Iupiter*! What? Will they arraigne my  
briske *Poëtaster*, and his poore Journeyman, ha? Would I were  
abroad skeldring for 'Twopence, so I were out of this *Laby-*  
*rinth* againe: I doe feele my selfe turne Stinkard already. But  
I must set the best Face I haue, vpon't now: well said, my di-  
uine, deſt *Horace*; bring the whorſon detracting Slaues to the  
Barre, doe; Make 'hem hold vp their ſpread Golls; I'll giue  
in Euidence for thee, if thou wilt. Take courage *Crispinus*;  
Would thy man had a cleane band.

*Crispinus.* What muſt we doe, Captaine?

*Tucca.* Thou ſhalt ſee anon: Doe not make Diuiſion with  
thy Legges, ſo.

*Cesar.* What's he, *Horace*?

*Horace.* I only know him for a Motion, *Cesar*.

*Tucca.* I am one of thy Commanders, *Cesar*; A man of Ser-  
uice, and Action; My Name is *Pantilius Tucca*: I haue ſeru'd  
i'thy Warres againſt *Marke Antony*; I.

*Cesar.* Doe you know him, *Cornelius*?

*Gallus.* Hee's one, that hath had the Muſtring, or Conuoy of  
a Company, now, and then; I neuer noted him by any other

*Cesar.* We will obſerue him better. (Imployment.

*Tibullus.* *Lictor*, proclaime Silence, in the Court.

*Lictor.* In the name of *Cesar*, Silence.

*Tibullus.* Let the Parties, the Accuſer, and the Accuſed, pre-  
ſent them ſelues.

*Lictor.* The Accuſer, and the Accuſed; Preſent your ſelues  
in Court.

*Criſp.* *Demet.* Here.

*Virg.* Reade the Inditement.



## Poëtafter.

*Tibul.* Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius, hold up your hands. You are, before this time, joyntly and severally indicted; and here presently to be arraigned, upon the Statute of Calumny, or Lex Remmia (The one by the name of Rufus Laberius Crispinus, alias Crispinas, Poëtafter, and Plagiary: the other by the name of Demetrius Fannius, Play-dresser & Plagiary) That you (not having the feare of Phœbus or his shafts, before your eyes) contrary to the peace of our liege Lord, Augustus Caesar, his Crowne and dignitie, and against the forme of a Statute in that case made, and provided; haue most ignorantly, foolishly, and (more like your selues) maliciously gone about to depraue, and calumniate the Person and writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, here present, Poet, and Priest to the Muses: and to that end haue mutually conspir'd, and plotted, at sundry times, as by severall meanes, and in sundry places, for the better accomplishing your base and Enuious purpose; taxing him, falsely, of Sefe loue, Arrogancy, Impudence, Rayling, filching by Translation, &c. Of all which Calumnies, and euery of them in manner and forme aforesaid, what answer you? Are you Guiltie, *Tuc.* Not Guilty, say. (or not Guilty?)

*Crisp. Dem.* Not Guilty.

*Tibullus.* How will you be tryed?

*Tuc.* By the Romane Gods, and the noblest Romanes.

*Crisp. Dem.* By the Romane Gods, and the noblest Romans.

*Virg.* Here sits *Mecœnas*, and *Cornelius Gallus*;

Are you contented to be tryed by these?

*Tucca.* I; So the noble Captaine may be ioyn'd with them in Commission; say.

*Crisp. Dem.* I; so the noble Captaine may bee ioyn'd with them in Commission.

*Virgill.* VVhat saies the Plaintiffe.

*Hor.* I am content.

*Virg.* Captaine, then take your Place.

*Tuc.* Alas, my worshipfull *Prætor*! 'tis more of thy Gentlesse, then of my deseruing, I wusse. But, since it hath pleas'd the

## Poëtafter.

the Court to make choyce of my VVisdome, and Grauitie,  
Come my *Calumnious* Varlets; Let's heare you talke for your  
selues now, an howre or two. What can you say? Make a noyse.  
Act, Act.

*Virg.* Stay; tunc, & take an Oath first. You shall sweare,  
By *Thunder* darting Ioue, the King of Gods;  
And by the Genius of *Augustus* Cæsar;  
By your owne white, and uncorrupted Soules;  
And the deepe reuerence of our *Romane* Iustice;  
To iudge this Case, with Truth and Equitie:  
As bound, by your Religion, and your Lawes.

Now reade the Euidence: But first demandaund  
Of either Prisoner, if that *Writ* be theirs.

*Tib.* Shew this vnto *Crispinus*. Is it yours?

*Tuc.* Say I. what? dost thou stand vpon it, *Pimpe*? Doe not  
deny thine owne *Minerua*; thy *Pallu*; the Issue of thy Braine.

*Crisp.* Yes, it is mine.

*Tibull.* Shewe that vnto *Demetrius*. Is it yours?

*Demet.* It is.

*Tuc.* There's a Father, will not deny his owne Bastard, now, I  
warrant thee.

*Virg.* Reade them alowd.

*Tibut.* Rampe vp, my Genius; be not *Retrograde*:

But boldly nominate a Spade, a Spade.

What shall thy *Lubricall* and *glibbery* Muse

Line, as she were defunct, like *Punque* in *Stewes*?

(*Tucca.* Excellent.)

Alas! That, were no moderne Consequence,

To haue cothurnall *Buskins* frighted hence.

No; teach thy *Incubus* to Poëtize,

And throwe abroad thy *spurious* Snotteries,

Vpon that puff-up *Lumpe* of *Barmy* froth,

(*Tucca.* Ah, ha!)

Or *Clumfy* *Chil-blain'd* Iudgement; that, with Oath,

Magnificates his Merit; and bespaules



## Poëtaſter.

*The conſcious Time, with humorous Fome; & bravles,  
As if his Organons of Senſe would crack  
The ſinewes of my Patience. Breake his Back,  
O Poëts all and ſome: For now wee liſt  
Of ſtremuous Venge-ance to clutch the fiſt.*

Subſcri. Cris : aliàs, Innocence.

*Tuc.* I mary, this was written like a *Hercules* in Poetry, now.

*Caſar.* Excellently well threatned.

*Virgill.* I, and as ſtrangely worded, *Caſar.*

*Caſar.* We obſerve it.

*Virgill.* The other, now.

*Tucca.* This's a fellow of a good prodigall tongue too; this'll doe well.

*Tibull.* Our Muſe is in minde for th' untruſſing a Poet:

*I ſlip by his Name; for moſt men doe know it:*

*A Critick, that al the world beſcumbers*

*With Satyricall Humors, and Lyricall Numbers:*

(*Tucca.* Art thou there, Boy?)

*And for the moſt part, himſelfe doth aduance*

*VVith much ſelfe-loue, and more Arrogance:*

(*Tucca.* Good: Againe.)

*And (but that I would not be thought a Prater)*

*I could tell you, he were a Tranſlater.*

*I knowe the Authors from whence he ha's ſtole,*

*And could trace him too, but that I underſtand' hem not  
full and whole.*

(*Tucca.* That line is broke looſe from all his fel-  
lowes; chaine him vp ſhorter, doe.)

*The beſt note I can give you to knowe him by,*

*Is, that he keepes Gallants company;*

*Whome I would wiſh, in time ſhould him feare,*

*Leaſt after they buy Repentance too deare.*

Subſcri. De. Fannius.

*Tucca.*

## Poëtafter.

*Tuc.* Well said. This carries Palme with it.

*Horace.* And why, thou Motley Gull? why should they feare?  
When hast thou knowne vs wrong, or taxe a Friend?  
I dare thy malice, to betray it. Speake.  
Now thou curlst vp, thou poore and nasty Snake;  
And shrinkst thy poysonous head into thy Bosome:  
Out Viper; thou that eat'st thy Parents, hence.  
Rather, such speckled Creatures, as thy selfe,  
Should be eschew'd, and shund: such, as will bite  
And gnaw their absent Friends, not cure their Fame;  
Catch at the loosest Laughters, and affect  
To be thought Iesters; such, as can deuise  
Things neuer seene, or heard, t' impayre mens Names,  
And gratifie their credulous Aduersaries;  
Will carry Tales; doe basest offices;  
Cherish diuided Fiers; and increase  
New Flames, out of old Embers; will reueale  
Each secret that's committed to their Trust:  
These be blacke Slaues; *Romanes*, take heede of these.

*Tucca.* Thou twangst right, little *Horace*; they be indeed:  
A couple of Chap-falne Curses. Come, Wee of the Bench,  
Let's rise to the *Vrne*, and condemne 'hem, quickly.

*Virgill.* Before you goe together (worthy *Romanes*)  
We are to tender our Opinion;  
And giue you those Instructions, that may adde  
Vnto your euen Iudgement in the Cause;  
Which thus we doe Commence: First, you must know  
That where there is a true, and perfect Merit,  
There can be no Deiection; and the Scorne  
Of humble Basenesse, oftentimes, so workes  
In a high Soule vpon the grosser Spirit;  
That to his bleared, and offended Sense,  
There seemes a hideous Fault blaz'd in the Obiect;  
When only the Disease is in his Eyes.  
Here-hence it comes, our *Horace* now stands taxt



## Poëtafter.

Of *Impudence*, *Selfe-loue*, and *Arrogance*,  
By these, who share no merit in themselves;  
And therefore, thinke his Portion is as small.  
For they, from their owne guilt, assure their Soules,  
If they should confidently praise their workes,  
In them it would appeare *Inflation*,  
Which, in a full, and well-digested man,  
Cannot receiue that foule abusive name,  
But the faire Title of *Erection*.  
And, for his trewe use of *translating* Men,  
It still hath beene a worke of as much Palme  
In clearest Iudgements, as *inuent*, or *make*.  
His *sharpnesse*, that is most excusable;  
As being forc't out of a suffering Vertue,  
Oppressed with the Licence of the Time:  
And howsoever Fooles, or Ierking *Pedants*,  
Players, or such like *Buffonary* wits,  
May with their beggerly, and barren trash,  
Tickle base vulgar eares, in their despight;  
This (like *Ioues* Thunder) shall their pride controule.  
“*The honest Satyre hath the happiest Soule*.  
Now, *Romanes*, you haue heard our thoughts. Withdraw,;  
when you please.

*Tibul.* Remoue the Accused from the Barre.

*Tucca.* Who holdes the *Vrne* to vs? ha? Feare nothing: I'll quitte you, mine honest pittifull Stinkards, I'll do't.

*Crisp.* Captaine, you shall eternally girt me to you, as I am Generous.

*Tucca.* Goe to.

*Cesar.* *Tibullus*, let there bee a case of *Vizardes* privately provided; wee haue founde a Subiect to bestowe them on.

*Tibull.* It shall be done, *Cesar*.

*Cesar.* Here be wordes, *Horace*, able to bastinado a mans Eares.

# Poëtaſter.

Eares.

*Hor.* I. Pleaſe it great *Cæſar*, I haue Pils about mee  
(Mixt with the whiteſt kinde of *Ellebore*)  
Would giue him a light vomite; that ſhould purge  
His Braine, and Stomack of thoſe tumorous heates;  
Might I haue leaue to miniſter vnto him.

*Cæſar.* O! be as *AEſculapius*, Gentle *Horace*;  
You ſhall haue leaue, and he ſhall be your *Patient*.  
*Virgill*, vſe your Authoritie, commaund him forth.

*Virg.* *Cæſar* is carefull of your health, *Criſpinus*;  
And hath himſelfe choſe a *Phyſitian*  
To miniſter vnto you: take his Pils.

*Hor.* They are ſomewhat bitter, but whoſome;  
Take another, yet; ſo: Stand by, they'll worke anone.

*Tibull.* *Romanes*, returne to your ſeueral ſeates: *Lictors*,  
Bring forward the *Vrne*; and ſet the Accuſed at the Barre.

*Tucca.* Quickly, you *VWhorſon* Egregious Varlettes;  
Come forward. What? ſhall wee ſit all day vpon you?  
you make no more haſte, now, than a Begger vpon *Pat-*  
*tins*: or a *Phyſitian* to a *Patient* that ha's no money, you *Pil-*  
*chers*.

*Tibull.* *Rufus Laberius Criſpinus*, and *Demetrius Fannius*,  
holde up your handes. You haue (according to the *Ro-*  
*mane Cuſtome*) put your ſelues vpon Tryall to the *Vrne*,  
for diuers and ſundry Calumnies, whereof, you haue  
before this time beene indited, and are now preſent-  
ly arraigned: Prepare your ſelues to harken to the  
verdict of your Tryers. *Caius Cilnius Meccenas* pro-  
nounceth you, by this hand-writing, Guiltie. *Corneli-*

*Tuc.* *Gallus*, Guiltie. *Pantilius Tucca*---  
us Parcell Guiltie; I.

*Demet.* He meanes himſelfe: for it was he indeede,  
Suborn'd vs to the Calumny.

*Tuc.* I, you whorſon *Cantharides*? waſ't I?

M 2

*Deme.*



## Poëtafter.

*Demet.* I appeale to your conscience, Captaine.

*Tib.* Then, you confesse it, now.

*Demet.* I doe, and craue the mercie of the Court.

*Tib.* What saith *Crispinus*?

*Crisp.* O, the Captaine, the Captaine.

*Hor.* My Physicke begins to worke with my Patient, I see.

*Virg.* Captaine; stand forth and answere.

*Tuc.* Hold thy peace, *Poet Prator*: I appeale frō thee, to *Cæsar*, I. Doe me right, Royall *Cæsar*.

*Cæsar.* Mary, and I will, Sir. *Lictors*, gag him:  
And put a case of vizards o're his head,  
That he may looke *Bi-fronted*, as he speakes.

*Tuc.* Gods, and Fiends. *Cæsar*! thou wilt not *Cæsar*? wilt thou? Away, you whorson Vultures; away. You thinke I am a deade *Corps* now; because *Cæsar* is dispos'd to iest with a man of Marke, or so. Holde your hook't talons out of my flesh, you inhumane *Gorboduckes*. Goe to, do't. VVhat? will the Royall *Augustus* cast away a Gent'man of worshippe, a Captaine, and a Cōmaunder; for a couple of condemn'd Caitiue Calumnious *Cargo's*?

*Cæsar.* Dispatch, *Lictors*.

*Tucca.* *Cæsar*.

*Cæsar.* Forward, *Tibullus*.

*Virg.* Demaund, what cause they had to maligne *Horace*.

*Demet.* In troth, no great cause, nor I; I must confesse: but that he kept better companie (for the most part) then I: and that better Men lou'd him, then lou'd me: and that his writings thriu'd better then mine, and were better lik't & grac't: Nothing else.

*Virg.* Thus, enuious Soules repine at others good.

*Hor.* If this be all; faith, I forgiue thee freely.

Enuie me still; so long as *Virgill* loues me,

*Gallus*, *Tibullus*, and the best-best *Cæsar*,

My deare *Mecænas*; while these, with many more

(Whose

## Poëtafter.

(VWhose names I wisely slip) shall think me worthy  
Their honour'd and ador'd Society,  
And read, and loue, prooue, and applaud my *Poemes*;  
I would not wish but such as you should spight them.

*Crisp. O.*

*Tib. How now, Crispinus?*

*Crisp. O, I am sicke.*

*Hor. A Bason, a Bason, quickly; our Physicke works. Faint  
not, man.*

*Crisp. O---Retrograde---Reciprocall---Incubus.*

*Caesar. What's that, Horace?*

*Hor. Retrograde, Reciprocall, and Incubus are come vp.*

*Gall. Thanks be to Iupiter.*

*Crisp. O---Glibbery---Lubricall---Defunct---O---*

*Hor. VVell said: here's some store.*

*Virg. VVhat are they?*

*Hor. Glibbery, Lubricall, and Defunct.*

*Gall. O, they came vp easie.*

*Crisp. O---O---*

*Tibull. VVhat's that?*

*Hor. Nothing, yet.*

*Crisp. Magnificate.*

*Mecæ. Magnificate? that came vp somewhat hard.*

*Hor. I. VVhat cheare, Crispinus?*

*Crisp. O, I shall cast vp my---Spurious---Snotteries---*

*Hor. Good. Againe.*

*Crisp. Chilblaind---O---O---Clumsie---*

*Hor. That Clumsie sticke terribly.*

*Mecæ. What's all that, Horace?*

*Hor. Spurious, Snotteries, Chilblain'd, Clumsie.*

*Tibull. O Iupiter!*

*Gall. VVho would haue thought, there should ha' been such  
a deale of filth in a Poet?*

*Crisp. O---Barmy Froth!*

*Caesar. What's that?*



## Poëtafter.

*Crisp.* ---- *Puffy* ---- *Inflate* ---- *Turgidous* ---- *Ventosity*.

*Horace.* *Barmy Froth, Puffy, Inflate, Turgidous, and Ventosity* are come vp.

*Tibullus.* O, terrible, windy words!

*Gallus.* A signe of a windy Braine.

*Crispinus.* O ---- *Oblatrant* ---- *Obcacate* ---- *Furibund* ----  
*Fatuate* ---- *Strenuous* ----

*Horace.* Heer's a deale: *Oblatrant, Obcacate, Furibund, Fatuate, Strenuous.*

*Cesar.* Now, all's come vp, I trow. What a Tumult he had in his Belly!

*Horace.* No: there's the often *Conscious* behind, still.

*Crispinus.* O ---- *Conscious*.

*Horace.* It's come vp, thanks to *Apollo*, and *Æsculapius*: Yet, there's another; you were best take a Pill more?

*Crispinus.* O, no: O ---- O ---- O ---- O.

*Horace.* Force your selfe then, a little with your Finger.

*Crispinus.* O ---- O ---- *Prorumped*.

*Tibullus.* *Prorumped*? What a noyse it made! as if his Spirit would haue *Prorump*t with it.

*Crispinus.* O ---- O ---- O.

*Virgill.* Helpe him: it stickes strangely, what euer it is.

*Crispinus.* O ---- *Clutcht*.

*Horace.* Now it's come: *Clutcht*.

*Cesar.* *Clutcht*? It's well, that's come vp. It had but a narrow Passage.

*Crispinus.* O ----

*Virgill.* Againe, hold him: hold his head there.

*Crisp.* *Tropologicall* ---- *Anagogicall* ---- *Loquacity* ---- *Pinnosity*.

*Horace.* How now, *Crispinus*?

*Crispinus.* O ---- *Obstupefact*.

*Tibullus.* Nay: that are all we, I assure you.

*Horace.* How doe you feele your selfe?

*Crispinus.* Pretty, and well, I thanke you.

*Virgill.* These Pilles can but restore him for a Time;

Not

## Poëtaſter.

Not cure him quite of ſuch a Malady,  
Caught by ſo many ſurfets; which haue ſild  
His Blood, and Braine, thus full of *Crudities*;  
'Tis neceſſary, therefore, he obſerue  
A ſtrict and holſome Diet. Looke, you take  
Each morning, of old *Cataes* Principles  
A good draught, next your heart; that walke vpon,  
Till it be well digeſted: Then come home,  
And taſte a picce of *Terence*; ſucke his *Phraſe*  
In ſteede of Licorice; and, at any hand,  
Shun *Plantus*, and old *Ennius*: They are meates  
Too harſh for a weake Stomacke. Viſe to read  
(But not without a *Tutor*) the beſt *Greekes*:  
As *Orpheus*, *Mæſeus*, *Pindarus*,  
*Hefiod*, *Callimachus*, and *Theocrite*,  
High *Homer*; but beware of *Lycaphron*:  
He is too darke, and dangerous a Diſh.  
You muſt not hunt for wild, out-landiſh *Termes*,  
To ſtuffe out a peculiar *Dialeſt*;  
But let your *Matter* runne before your *Words*:  
And if, at any time, you chaunce to meete  
Some *Gallo-Belgick* Phraſe, you ſhall not ſtraight  
Racke your poore Verſe to giue it entertainement;  
But let it paſſe: and doe not thinke your ſelfe  
Much damnified, if you doe leaue it out;  
When, nor your *Vnderſtanding*, nor the *Senſe*  
Could well receiue it. This faire Abſtinence,  
In time, will render you more ſound, and Cleare;  
And this haue I preſcrib'd to you, in place  
Of a ſtrict Sentence: which till he perſonne,  
Attire him in that Robe. And hence-forth, learne  
To beare your ſelfe more humbly; not to ſwell,  
Or breath your inſolent, and idle Spight,  
On him, whoſe Laughter, can your worſt affright.  
*Tibullus*. Take him away.



## Poëtafter.

*Crispinus.* *Iupiter* guard *Cesar*.

*Virgill.* And, for a weeke, or two, see him lockt vp  
In some darke Place, remoou'd from Company:  
He will talke idly else after his Physicke.

Now, to you, Sir: Th'Extremity of Law  
Awards you to be branded in the front,  
For this your *Calumny*; But, since it pleaseth  
*Horace* (the Party wrongd) t'intreat, of *Cesar*,  
A Mitigation of that iuster Doome;  
With *Cesars* tongue, thus we pronounce your sentence.

*Demetrius Fannius*, thou shalt here put on  
That Coate, and Cap; and hencefoorth, thinke thy selfe  
No other, then they make thee: vow to weare them  
In euery Faire, and Generous Assembly,  
Till the best sort of Minds shall take to knowledge  
As well thy satisfaction, as thy wrongs.

*Horace.* Only (*Graue Prator*) here, in open Court,  
I craue the Oath, for good Behaviour,  
May be administred vnto them both.

*Virgill.* *Horace*, it shall; *Tibullus*, giue it them.

*Tibullus.* *Rufus Laberius Crispinus*, and *Demetrius Fannius*,  
Lay your hands on your hearts. You shall here solemnely  
contest, and swear; That neuer (after this instant) either, at  
Booke-sellers Stalls, in Tauernes, Two-penny Roomes, Tiring-  
houses, Noble-mens Buttryes, Puifne's Chambers (the best, and  
farthest Places, where you are admitted to come) you shall once  
offer, or dare (thereby to endear your selfe the more to any  
Player, Engle, or guilty Gull, in your Company) to maligne,  
traduce, or detract the Person, or Writings of *Quintus Horatius*  
*Flaccus*; or any other Eminent Man, transcending you in  
Merit, whom your Envy shall finde cause to worke vpon, either,  
for that, or for keeping him selfe in better Acquaintance, or  
enjoying better Friends: Or if (transported by any sodaine and  
desperate Resolution) you doe; That then, you shall not under the  
Bastoun, or in the next Presence, being an honorable Assembly  
of

## Poëtaster.

of his Favourers, be brought as voluntary Gent: to undertake  
the forswearing of it. Neither shall you at any time (ambitiously,  
affecting the Title of the Vntrussers, or Whippers of the Age)  
suffer the Itch of writing to ouer-run your performance in Libel;  
upon paine of being taken up for Lepers, in Wit, and (loosing  
both your Time, and your Papers) be irreconerably forfeited  
to the Hospitall of Fooles. So helpe you our Romane Gods,  
and the Genius of great Cæsar.

*Virgill.* So: now dissolue the Court.

*Hor. Tib. Gall. Mec. Vir.* And thanks to Cæsar,  
That thus hath exercis'd his Patience.

*Cæsar.* We haue, indeed, you worthiest friends of Cæsar.  
It is the Bane, and Torment of our Eares,  
To heare the discords of those Iangling Rimers,  
That, with their bad and scandalous Practises,  
Bring all true Arts, and learning in Contempt.  
But let not your high thoughts descend so lowe,  
As these despised Objects; Let them fall,  
With their flat groueling Soules: Be you your selues.  
And as with our best fauours you stand crown'd:  
So let your mutuall loues be still renown'd.  
Enuy will dwell, where there is want of *Merit*,  
Though the deseruing man should cracke his Spirit.

## CANTVS.

**B**LVSH, Polly, Blush: here's none that feares  
The wagging of an Asses Eares,  
Although a Wooluish case he weares.  
Detraction is but Basenesse Varlet;  
And Apes are Apes, though cloth'd in Scarlet.

*Finis Actus quinti & ultimi.*  
*Exeunt.*

Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur inuidia.

N





## To the Reader.



**H**ERE (Reader) in place of the Epilogue, was meant to thee an Apology from the Author, with his reasons for the publishing of this booke: but (since he is no lesse restrain'd, then thou depriv'd of it, by Authoritie) hee praies thee to thinke charitably of what thou hast read, till thou maist heare him speake what hee hath written.

FINIS



